

LOVE MADE TO ORDER

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LOVE MADE TO ORDER,

AND

OTHER COMEDIES.

BY

✓  
FRANCIS GELLATLY.  
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CHICAGO:  
KNIGHT & LEONARD.  
1885.

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# LOVE MADE TO ORDER.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED:

MR. CRADDOCK,	MRS. CRADDOCK,
KATE CRADDOCK,	HENRIETTA CLAVERING,
HARRY TREDWELL,	CHARLES BELLAIR,
SIR JAMES JERMYN.	

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## ACT I.

(*Mr. Craddock's house; Mrs. Craddock seated reading. Enter Mr. Craddock.*)

*Craddock.* All alone, my dear? Where is Kate?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Gone out for a drive.

*Craddock.* I wish I had known she was going. I would have liked to have gone with her?

*Mrs. Craddock.* You would have been *de trop*; she had an escort.

*Craddock.* Am I to understand by your piebald expressions that she had somebody with her? Perhaps that's what you mean by your *de trops* and escorts.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Come, Jasper, do try and moderate the asperity of your expressions.



*Craddock.* And you, my dear, do try and speak one language at a time. I make no insinuations, but you may find good English quite equal to your powers.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Thank you, Mr. Craddock, for your sneer, but when I want a lesson in languages I'll not go to you for it; and what's more, I'll speak as many of them as I like, and all at once if I think fit.

*Craddock.* Indeed! And so you propose to make of yourself a domestic Tower of Babel; a living monument to gibberish erected on the family hearth!

*Mrs. Craddock.* I declare, Jasper, you are the most aggravating man I ever saw. So unkind, too, ridiculing me in that way. I'm sure, I—I— (*Puts her handkerchief to her face.*  
*Mr. C. takes her hand away and kisses her cheek.*)

*Craddock.* There, now, Molly, it's all right. I'm sorry if I made you feel bad, but you didn't tell me whether it was a whole regiment or only a company of soldiers who went with Kate.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Jasper, are you mad? I said nothing about soldiers.

*Craddock.* Didn't you, though? When you said Kate had an escort I naturally thought of soldiers.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Craddock, don't make a fool of yourself any longer. Kate went out with Sir James Jermyn.

*Craddock.* Then you have used a very big word for a very small thing.

*Mrs. Craddock.* If you were like any other reasonable man you would see that Sir James is ——

*Craddock.* A very great man in his own estimation.

*Mrs. Craddock.* You are a poor victim of prejudice.

*Craddock.* That may be, but my daughter shall not be a victim of this Englishman if I can help it.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Instead of trying to prevent it, you should be glad that your daughter has an opportunity of becoming a nobleman's wife.

*Craddock.* Nobleman, forsooth! A petty baronet! The lowest inheritable title in the British Islands! In his own element he is but a minnow among big fishes.

*Mrs. Craddock.* A nobleman, nevertheless, and his title gives him the *entree* to the salons of the highest of his class. Kate would rise to his position by marrying him. Think of her being the guest of lords and dukes and even princes!

*Craddock.* Yes, and think of her being across the water away from her parents.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I would go and live with her.

*Craddock.* And desert me?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Why not?

*Craddock.* That's cool!

*Mrs. Craddock.* I mean, of course, if you were so foolish as to refuse to go with us.

*Craddock.* I thank you for your candor. It will enable me to thwart your designs. It is fortunate that I will have an ally in Kate. She does not share your absurd ideas.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Does it not occur to your wisdom that she may fall in love with Sir James, even if she does not think of his title? At all events I will give her a good opportunity, for I have set my heart on her being Lady Jermyn.

*Craddock.* Did anyone ever listen to such incredible folly? I tell you, Mrs. Craddock, this must be put a stop to. You shall not throw my daughter at the head of that foreigner.

*Mrs. Craddock.* And I tell you, Mr. Craddock, that this thing shall go on. Your daughter, forsooth!

*Craddock.* And pray, Mrs. Craddock, whose daughter is she, if she is not mine?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mine, sir.

*Craddock.* I don't see that that makes her any the less mine!

*Mrs. Craddock.* Don't it, now? I'll let you see before I get through with this business. She shall be Lady Jermyn.

*Craddock.* As sure as she is my daughter she shall not be Lady Jermyn.

*Mrs. Craddock.* If she does not obey me in this matter may she never be anything but Kate Craddock.

*Craddock.* Can malice farther go! A truly feminine imprecation! To be an old maid! What a calamity! Now see how differently I look at it. I would think her happy in being Kate Craddock forever. There was a time, Mrs. C., when to be Molly Craddock was the height of your ambition.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Never, Mr. Craddock. You came whining around me so that I took compassion on you.

*Craddock (taking her hand).* Come, Molly, exercise a little of that feeling now, and do not conspire to send my dear daughter across the sea, even if by not doing so her name is destined to be always Kate Craddock.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Go away with your nonsense. I tell you if I can help it her name will not be Craddock much longer, but Jermyn.

*Craddock* (*angrily*). It shall be Craddock.

*Mrs. Craddock*. It sha'n't.

*Craddock*. Craddock'!

*Mrs. Craddock*. Jermyn!

*Craddock*. Craddock, I say. (*Voices are heard in the adjoining room. Mr. C., hearing which, turns suddenly around, gesticulating violently, and stumbles over a footstool. Mrs. C. screams. At this juncture Kate and Sir James Jermyn enter.*)

*Kate*. Why, what's the matter, pa? Are you hurt?

*Craddock*. Oh, no, my dear. I turned round suddenly when I heard you coming, and fell over this footstool.

*Jermyn*. How very annoying! These beastly things often make one come to grief. I remember once crushing a favorite poodle in that way.

*Kate*. Poor little doggy!

*Mrs. Craddock*. I hope you were not injured, Sir James.

*Jermyn*. Not in the least, I assure you. On the contrary, the little beggar afforded me a very soft cushion. Yes (*meditatively*) he quite broke my fall. Poor little beggar!

*Mrs. Craddock*. The reminiscence seems to draw you to other scenes, Sir James.

*Jermyn*. Quite so! Yes! I was thinking



of the poor little beast's funeral. I was chief mourner, you know.

*Craddock (aside).* Very appropriate for one puppy to attend the funeral of another.

*Kate (laughing).* Surely, you jest.

*Fermyn.* Oh, dear, no! It was a very sad affair, you know. His death nearly broke the heart of his mistress. She puts flowers on his grave to this day, you know. Poor little beggar!

*Mrs. Craddock.* He was a sort of heirloom in the family, I suppose.

*Kate.* Hairloom, ma, I should say.

*Fermyn.* Capital! That's not so bad, you know. Hairloom! Ha! ha-a-a-a!

*Craddock.* Well done, Kate! Can't you tell us a dog story?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Craddock!

*Fermyn.* Oh, do, I beg, Miss Craddock. The annals of the canine race are quite interesting, I am sure.

*Kate (laughing.)* What! Shall we sit down upon the ground and tell strange stories of the death of dogs?

*Fermyn.* Ha! ha-a-a-a! It does strike one as odd when one thinks of it.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I hope, Sir James, my daughter does not annoy you by her levity. I confess she provokes me.

*Craddock.* For my part I rather like it.

*Fermyn.* So do I, I assure you. Odd, though.  
Ha! ha-a-a-a!

*Craddock.* Come, Kate, let's have another dog story.

*Kate.* I don't think of any at present, but I will sing you a little cat song instead. (*Goes to the piano and sings.*)

Come all good people unto me, and listen to my ditty,  
And I'll tell you something very sad that happened to a  
Kitty,

This Kitty, too, you all must know, was owned by Aunt  
Maria,

And often dozed the whole night through, a-sleeping by the  
fire.

One night this Kitty on the hearth lay snugly curlèd up,  
And Aunt Maria sat near by a-holding of a cup;  
And, sad to say, this cup was filled brimful of hottest tea,  
And what befell poor Kitty then was pitiful to see;  
For Aunt Maria dropped the cup thus filled with Chinese  
water,

And all the contents fell on Kit with most terrific slaughter.

There, now, I don't know what you all think,  
but I call that a rather feline ditty.

*Fermyn.* Capital! Feline! Feeling! Good,  
that, now! Ha! ha-a-a-a!

*Craddock.* Splendid, Kate! Splendid! I remember Aunt Maria's cat. Mr. Jermyn's dog story is nowhere after that, and the best of the joke is, it is true.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Craddock!

*Kate.* But, pa, the dog story is more pathetic.

*Fermyn.* Yes, the poor little beggar died. But I have to meet a friend, so I must bid you good morning, ladies.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Sir James, let us have the pleasure of seeing you soon again.

*Fermyn.* Thanks! Only too happy! (*Elaborately bows himself out of the room.*)

*Craddock.* And so, Mrs. Craddock, that's the precious blockhead you wish to throw my daughter away upon.

*Mrs. Craddock.* He's not a blockhead, and I say Kate shall marry him.

*Kate.* Oh, dear, how unfortunate! I'll never be able to keep a poodle, he'll be using them all for cushions.

*Mr. Craddock (laughing).* And then, Kate, he would be all the time attending their funerals as chief mourner. What a doleful companion he would be to live with!

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Craddock, you ought to be ashamed to encourage your daughter in her levity. The idea! A snip like her ridiculing a man of Sir James' polished manners and refined education!

*Kate.* And so handsome, ma; red hair and a pale, freckled complexion!

*Craddock.* Yes, his head looks like a prairie

on fire, and his complexion like a pan of buttermilk.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Craddock, your similes are atrocious. You are your daughter's worst enemy in thus encouraging her to disobey her mother.

*Kate.* Ma, I don't intend to disobey you.

*Craddock.* How, miss! have you the impudence to tell me that you will marry that puppy, even at the instigation of your mother?

*Mrs. Craddock.* She is my own daughter. She may laugh at your jokes to keep you in good humor, but she knows her true interests too well to disobey me in this matter.

*Kate.* You are right, ma, in —

*Craddock (interrupting).* Have you conspired to drive me mad? I tell you, miss, you shall not marry this Englishman.

*Mrs. Craddock.* And I tell you, Mr. Craddock, that she shall.

*Craddock.* We'll see. I'll go after him this instant and forbid him the house. (*Goes out in a passion.*)

*Mrs. Craddock (running after him).* Stop! stop! Have you lost your senses?

*Kate (holding up her hands in astonishment).*  
Was ever little maiden placed in such a fix before,  
As I by those stern parients just passing through the door?

I will go after them and see that they do not come to blows. (*Goes out.*)

*Craddock* (*re-entering*). Thank goodness, they are going out for a while, and I will have time for a little quiet reflection. Some counter movement must be thought of to put a stop to this business. (*Pauses in meditation.*) I have it. Henrietta! Yes, that's it. But I wonder if the girl is going to sleep till night. Poor thing, she must be very tired. Ah! here she comes. (*Enter Henrietta.*) How are you, my dear? Are you sure you feel quite rested after your long journey?

*Henrietta*. Quite, thank you. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

*Craddock*. It speaks well for your constitution; there's nothing like country air to build that up. But, Henrietta, you are looking more than fresh. Do you know you are quite handsome? and I am glad of it. How becoming that blush is!

*Henrietta*. Oh, Mr. Craddock! I'll have to tell your wife if you begin to make love to me.

*Craddock*. Don't be alarmed; I am not going to make love to you. As for Mrs. Craddock, if she thought I was making love to you, she would be delighted.

*Henrietta*. That's a queer state of mind for a wife to be in.

*Craddock*. Yes, to be sure, it's rather un-



usual; but the circumstances which give rise to it are unusual. She would think it would take my mind off her nefarious designs. I have to keep my wits all about me to circumvent her.

*Henrietta.* Nefarious designs! You astonish me!

*Craddock.* I am aware the word is a strong one; but what milder expression can be used for a wife's deliberate attempt to destroy her husband's peace of mind, and break up his family; to scatter it to the four corners of the earth, as it were? (*Excitedly.*)

*Henrietta (aside).* This is rather wild talk. I wonder if there is anything the matter up here (*tapping her forehead*). (*Aloud.*) Can it be possible?

*Craddock.* Yes; strange as it may seem, it is a fact. You have heard of our English acquaintance?

*Henrietta.* Sir James Jermyn, you mean?

*Craddock.* Exactly. My wife has actually gone mad on the baronetcy question. It is nothing but Sir James from morning till night. She even mutters his name in her sleep.

*Henrietta (laughing).* Jealous, I declare! Oh, fie! Mr. Craddock. You don't think your wife would forget herself so far as to—to——

*Craddock.* As to make a fool of herself,

you would say. That is exactly what she is doing. She is thrusting my daughter on his attention in the most indelicate manner; with a view to matrimony, of course.

*Henrietta.* But has Kate nothing to say about it? She is not a very passive individual. She is very apt to have a mind of her own.

*Craddock.* I don't know what to make of her conduct. Sometimes she seems to be laughing in her sleeve at the puppy, and then again she appears to fall in with her mother's views with great goodwill. Between them I am almost distracted. I have actually had an attack of nervous dyspepsia on account of it. In the midst of it all I have had no one to confide in or consult with. So you see that you have come just in the nick of time. You can help me greatly.

*Henrietta.* Only point out the way, and I will be most happy to aid you. We must not let this Englishman take her away if we can help it.

*Craddock.* Bless you, my dear, I have a little plan. I want you to make love to the Englishman. That is the reason I am glad you are good-looking.

*Henrietta.* I see you want me to supplant Kate in his good graces.

*Craddock.* That's it, that's it; you have guessed my meaning.

*Henrietta.* And so you are willing to sacrifice me to save your daughter. For shame, Mr. Craddock! What do you suppose pa would say to that?

*Craddock.* But you need not sacrifice yourself. Don't fall in love with him, only make believe; lead him on to commit himself to you.

*Henrietta.* By false pretenses?

*Craddock.* Oh, pshaw! don't frighten yourself with ugly names. Call it strategy. You need not actually lie to the man; just make yourself very attractive. Help him to deceive himself. Be sweet on him.

*Henrietta.* In other words, make myself a lump of sugar to attract this big fly which is buzzing around your daughter, much to your annoyance.

*Craddock.* You have my idea exactly. But mum, here comes Kate. (*Enter Kate.*)

*Kate.* Good morning, Henrietta. When did you get up? I didn't wake you; I thought I would let you sleep yourself out.

*Henrietta.* Thank you. I have been up an hour or so. Where have you been?

*Kate.* I have been round with ma to see a poor old woman who had a child crushed by the street cars the other day.

*Craddock.* Where did you leave your mother?

*Kate.* We met Sir James Jermyn, and she stopped to speak to him. I hurried home to see after Henrietta.

*Craddock.* Confound that Englishman! He seems to be prowling round in every direction.

*Kate.* You must understand, Henrietta, that Sir James is pa's *bete noir*.

*Craddock.* Why don't you say *bete rouge*; his hair is red enough to justify the name.

*Kate.* It would be better, for the mere mention of him seems to have the same effect on you that the sight of a red rag has on a mad bull.

*Craddock.* Do you hear that, Henrietta? What would your father say if you compared him to a bull? I would not have spoken so to my father; but times are changed; nowadays parents seem to be created merely for the amusement of their children.

*Henrietta.* She was speaking of a John Bull, and I suppose that made her think of the comparison.

*Craddock.* Good! good! I see you are not disposed to bow down before this idol of my wife.

*Kate.* Pa's only provoked because ma and

I think so much of him. He does not want me to marry him.

*Craddock* (*coaxingly*). Kate, now don't, don't say that you think so much of him.

*Kate*. If it is true why shouldn't I say it? You know it is naughty to tell fibs.

*Craddock*. Did I ever think that I would live to hear my daughter say that she loved an Englishman? It is enough to make her revolutionary sires rise from their graves.

*Henrietta*. It is not so bad as that; she said, if——

*Kate*. To be sure, I have not fully made up my mind.

*Craddock*. There's a dear, now, don't make it up; let it air a little longer.

*Kate*. You talk about my mind as if it were a feather bed; that's worse than comparing you to a bull.

*Craddock*. Well, you minx, if you desert your father and go across the water with this Englishman for the sake of being called Lady Jermyn, it will show that your mind is as soft as a feather bed and your heart as hard as a stone.

*Kate*. Thank you. If my mind is made of feathers you needn't be surprised if I fly away.

*Craddock*. Was there ever such a provoking little hussy! I wish that I were a bull for a



few moments, that I might toss you on my horns for teasing me so.

*Kate.* Listen to that, Henrietta! Haven't I a nice father now! Actually wishing to make a beast of himself! What would your father say if he heard him wanting to make himself a bull? (*Mimicking her father.*)

*Craddock (laughing).* You little wretch! (*Shaking his finger at her.*) But don't you marry that Englishman, now (*going toward door*).

*Kate.* No, pa, I'll wait till you get back. (*They all laugh. Mr. Craddock goes out.*)

*Henrietta.* You have a very good-natured father, Kate.

*Kate.* Yes, considering that he is all the time flying into a passion.

*Henrietta.* But he seems to fly out as quick as he flies in.

*Kate.* Yes, his temper is always on the wing with him, and I like to bring him down now and then with an occasional shot.

*Henrietta.* He seems greatly worked up on the English question.

*Kate.* Yes, and ma is as bad in her way.

*Henrietta.* How about the Englishman himself?

*Kate.* Oh, he has not declared his intentions yet.

*Henrietta.* Then he intends to preserve his nationality.

*Kate (laughing).* At all events, he does not seem inclined to enter the state of matrimony. But speak, etc. (*Enter Sir James, Bellair, and Mrs. Craddock.*)

*Fermyn.* I have brought your mother home safe, Miss Craddock, you see. My friend, Mr. Bellair (*introducing him*).

*Kate.* Gentlemen, Miss Clavering (*introducing her*).

*Bellair (aside in surprise).* My acquaintance of the railway car.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Bellair has been telling us an adventure which has greatly astonished Sir James.

*Fermyn.* Yes, I confess I thought it quite queer, not exactly the thing, you know.

*Kate.* What was it?

*Bellair.* Oh, nothing, a mere commonplace occurrence not worth mentioning.

*Fermyn.* What would you say to his forming the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady in the cars who was traveling all alone, mind you? and the best of the joke is her mother sent her on the journey! (*Henrietta, who has been much embarrassed, leaves the room.*)

*Kate.* You would not have had her go without permission, would you?

*Fermyn.* Really now, you Americans are a queer lot; you don't seem to appreciate the impropriety.

*Bellair.* Pray what is the impropriety?

*Fermyn (with a puzzled air).* The impropriety! It's odd, now, that I can't think of the right word, but it must be wrong, you know (*brightening*). They don't do so in England.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I agree with Sir James, there is a lack of proper dignity about it; who knows but —

*Fermyn (interrupting).* Thanks, Madame! My idea! A lack of dignity—who knows but, yes but, that's it. Something might happen, you know.

*Bellair.* Something did happen in this case. I think I have fallen in love.

*Kate.* There's an argument, now, fit to upset all your sea-girt notions, Sir James.

*Fermyn.* I beg pardon! Sea-girt notions? (*With an inquiring look.*)

*Bellair.* The sea surrounds your country, Sir James.

*Fermyn.* Oh! I see! Ha! ha-a-a-a! Sea-girt notions! I owe you one, my fair antagonist.

*Bellair.* I think you had better retreat at present, for you are fairly vanquished.

*Jermyn.* I agree with you, I assure you ;  
*au revoir, ladies ! (They go out.)*

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

*(Mr. Craddock's house. Enter Tredwell, letter in hand.)*

*Tredwell.* I wonder what the old lady can mean ? She says here (*reading*), "Come prepared to stay some time. I want your assistance in a matter I have set my heart upon." But I wonder why she keeps me waiting. I think I hear her voice in the other room. I'll see if she is there. (*Opens door, disclosing Mrs. Craddock with her back to him before a mirror, bowing and talking to herself. He stands astonished.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* I thank your highness for this honor ; my daughter, Lady Jermyn, will be here in a moment. Yes, thank you, the climate of England agrees very well with her. Indeed, we both find it delightful. Ah, my lord, much obliged to you for favoring us so early. (*Bowing, as she does so she turns round, and seeing T. gives a scream, exclaiming !*) Oh, Harry, how you frightened me. I declare, I feel quite faint. When did you come ?

*Tredwell* (*advancing and supporting her to a seat*). I have just arrived. Not finding you in the other room, I looked in here.

*Mrs. Craddock*. I was looking at the sit of my dress, and your sudden entrance startled me. How my heart beats! Have you come prepared to stay?

*Tredwell*. Yes, and I am quite anxious to know what it is you have for me to do.

*Mrs. Craddock* (*with a grave air*). Well, you see, Kate is of a marriageable age.

*Tredwell*. Is she? Does she know it? (*With mock wonder.*)

*Mrs. Craddock*. Your simplicity amuses me. Of course she does. At that age mothers have to handle their daughters very carefully.

*Tredwell*. Are they liable to break?

*Mrs. Craddock*. Yes; their hearts, unless their affections are properly directed. You will see, then, that I am anxious to have Kate well settled in life.

*Tredwell*. And you need my assistance to settle her? Is that it?

*Mrs. Craddock*. I want you to help me remove an obstacle in the way of a match I have in view for her.

*Tredwell*. Is the obstacle alive?

*Mrs. Craddock*. Yes.

*Tredwell.* Good heavens, aunt! I hope you don't want me to kill anybody.

*Mrs. Craddock.* On the contrary, I want you to make love.

*Tredwell.* Is the obstacle pretty?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Quite.

*Tredwell.* *C'est bien convenable*, as a Frenchman would say.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Never mind the Frenchman. What do you say?

*Tredwell* (*in an eager manner*). I agree with the Frenchman. I am eager to begin. Bring along your obstacle.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Hush! Don't be obstreperous. You must go about this thing deliberately, in a business-like manner.

*Tredwell.* Well, then, to begin. Am I engaged by the day, or by the job?

*Mrs. Craddock.* I engage you by the day till the job is finished.

*Tredwell.* I see I must read up on love. I must cram. Somebody wrote a book called the art of love. I'll get it.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Let the books alone and attend to me. You must understand that Kate has an opportunity of becoming the wife of an English nobleman, Sir James Jermyn. You may have heard his name mentioned.

*Tredwell.* I think I did hear the name not

very long ago. (*Aside.*) That's the name the old lady was muttering when I came in.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Well, Kate has a friend stopping with her who seems inclined to set her cap at him.

*Tredwell.* The obstacle, you mean? O, Lord, does she wear caps?

*Mrs. Craddock (laughing).* I tell you she is young and pretty, and that is why I am uneasy; not that she is at all comparable to Kate.

*Tredwell (emphatically).* I should think not.

*Mrs. Craddock (quickly).* What's that? You should think not, eh? What do you know of the difference between her and Kate? You should think not!

*Tredwell.* Of course I should when you say so. (*Aside.*) What a suspicious old lady! I must take care, or I won't be able to make love by the day very long in this house.

*Mrs. Craddock.* It's a fact, whether you say it or not, but I am nevertheless desirous that you should attract as much of her attention as possible, so as to draw her away from the baronet.

*Tredwell (with much gravity).*

But, my cherished aunt, I pray  
Tell me what's to be my pay  
For making love by the day.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Featherbrain! Is not love, like virtue, its own reward? But I'll see that you get a more substantial compensation. I will have Sir James invite you over to England for the shooting.

*Tredwell.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Craddock* (*going toward the door*). And now I will go and bring her.

*Tredwell.* The obstacle?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Yes, and you can commence operations immediately. (*Goes out.*)

*Tredwell* (*musings*). I wonder if the old lady is mad. Who knows? She may be touched by the frost of age and her reason slightly withered.

*Mr. Craddock* (*who unobserved has been sitting in a high-backed chair in the corner of the room, suddenly faces him, exclaiming*). Of course she is.

*Tredwell* (*looks up, stares at him for a moment speechless, and then exclaims*). Uncle, did you come through the ceiling? There seems to be a most extraordinary state of affairs in this house.

*Craddock.* Well may you say so! If this thing goes on much longer it will be a case of straight jacket and bread and water. Did you hear her as you came in?

*Tredwell.* She seemed to be going through some imaginary scene.



*Craddock.* You didn't understand it as well as I did. She imagined that Kate was married to this Englishman, and that she was in her house, in England, receiving some noble visitors, princes, and so on. She has become a monomaniac on the subject.

*Tredwell.* You overheard our conversation?

*Craddock.* Of course. I have to watch her as a cat does a mouse, and I conceal myself in many a corner round the house for the purpose of finding out what I can. It is my only means of circumventing her. But she is sly! Oh, very sly, I tell you. One of the signs of incipient insanity, you know.

*Tredwell.* According to your own account you seem to have the signs pretty well developed yourself, uncle.

*Craddock.* Oh, with me it is different. But whether she is insane or not, I must save my daughter from her and the clutches of this Englishman, and you can help me.

*Tredwell.* What! Retained on both sides? But would it be fair to my client who has just left the room, to engage with you?

*Craddock.* Pay no attention to her; I tell you she is mad.

*Tredwell.* Then you would have me betray her?

*Craddock.* Of course; treason to her is loyalty to Kate.

*Tredwell.* You have a very persuasive way with you. I think I will accept a retainer from you ; but there is an obstacle.

*Craddock.* The obstacle is not in our way. She is trying to make the baronet fall in love with her, so that he may not think of Kate.

*Tredwell.* And I have engaged to make love to her, so that she may not think of the baronet. But as far as I can see, poor Kate is left out in the cold in this arrangement. She'll have nobody to make love to her.

*Craddock.* Harry, you rascal, you are laughing at me. But if you feel so bad about it, you will be glad to know that I want you to make love to Kate a little, just the least mite, you know. Isn't that a bright idea, now ?

*Tredwell (aside).* Delicious idea ! (*Aloud.*) What a head you have, uncle ! You are fit for stratagems, if not for treason. And so you propose to spoil your wife's little game by interposing my superior attractions between Kate and the baronet.

*Craddock.* In addition to this, I want you to keep an eye to what is going on here. In a quiet sort of way, you know. Slyly ! slyly ! you rascal.

*Tredwell.* Oh, I see ! You wish me to develop some of the signs of incipient insanity ; in short, to conform to the customs of this

house, to prowl round on voyages of domestic discovery, and so on.

*Craddock.* Yes, yes; but above all things, be in the way whenever Kate and the baronet are together. Come between them in every sort of way that you can invent.

*Tredwell.* What excuse will I have for being in the house so much?

*Craddock.* Oh, you know you are fond of reading, of quite a literary turn, in fact; been so from a boy. Never played truant in your life, you rascal (*laughing*).

*Tredwell.* Oh, yes, and I am writing a book, and have come here to get the benefit of your fine library. How stupid it was in me to forget that! (*With mock annoyance.*)

*Craddock.* Poor fellow, what a bad memory you have. Case of softening of the brain, I am afraid. (*They both laugh.*)

*Tredwell.* Now, let me see if I understand my duties clearly. First, I am engaged by the day to make love to the obstacle. Second, I am to make love to Kate.

*Craddock.* Only a little, mind, only a little.

*Tredwell.* Oh! I understand, just enough to amuse her.

*Craddock.* That's it, that's it.

*Tredwell.* Third, I am to prevent the Englishman from making love to Kate. Fourth,

I am to encourage him to make love to the obstacle. Fifth, I am to help the obstacle to make love to him; and, sixth, I am to prowl round generally, and see that all this love is made according to order. (*After a pause.*) Uncle, I think I'll need a clerk.

*Craddock* (*laughing*). I will be your clerk.

*Tredwell*. But I can't transact all this business without some commission.

*Craddock*. Commission! What do you mean, you scamp?

*Tredwell*. Perquisites in the shape of a few kisses now and then. I think I deserve a little encouragement.

*Craddock*. In moderation, you young villain! In moderation! Mind you, not many! not many!

*Tredwell*. At a time, you mean; certainly, certainly. Now, uncle, have we thought of everything?

*Craddock*. You remind me. I had nearly forgotten a very important item. You had better keep a little book like this which I have been keeping for some time back (*taking a memorandum book from his pocket*). I'll read a few extracts to give you an idea of what I mean. (*Reads.*) "Monday, Bat. (contraction for baronet, like it suggestive of his intellectual blindness) stayed an hour. Kate yawned

five times; watched her closely; can't be mistaken; good sign. Tuesday, Bat. again; hair never seemed to me more disgustingly red. Kate called it auburn; the little wretch lied. Saturday, Bat. an hour; more idiotic than usual. Mrs. Craddock made an ass of herself, of course." There, you see the sort of thing I want.

*Tredwell.* Oh! that's the sort of thing, is it? You excel as a historian; quite a vigorous style. But, uncle, will you take a little piece of advice from me?

*Craddock.* Certainly, my dear boy, certainly. What is it?

*Tredwell.* Don't let the baronet get hold of that.

*Craddock.* Why?

*Tredwell.* He might sue you for libel.

*Craddock.* My remarks are rather satirical, I must confess.

*Tredwell.* I wonder what has become of aunt. She went to bring the young lady she engaged me to make love to.

*Craddock.* I can't imagine; but it will not do for her to find us in consultation. She might suspect something; so I will leave you for the present. (*Goes out.*)

*Tredwell (alone).* And so, my dear uncle, you detest this Englishman. On the contrary,

he meets my views. He affords me my opportunity. He is making the breach by which I propose to enter this castle and seize its fair princess. (*Takes a paper from his pocket.*) I have endeavored to sketch her likeness here. Let me sit down and add a few touches to the portrait. (*Seats himself, picks up a book, opens it, lays paper on it, takes his pencil, and is occupying himself with it when Bellair enters, who on seeing him exclaims:*)

*Bellair.* Harry Tredwell, as I am a sinner!

*Tredwell.* Bellair! I thought you had gone to California. This is the last place on earth I would have looked for you. But I need not be surprised at anything that happens in this house.

*Bellair.* And I am as much astonished to meet you. You seem quite at home and studious.

*Tredwell.* Yes, I am writing a book, and have come here to consult uncle's library.

*Bellair.* But this is not the library.

*Tredwell* (*looking about apparently astonished*). True enough! How could I have got in here? My absent-mindedness grows on me. All great students are afflicted in that way, however.

*Bellair.* You a great student! You seem to have turned over a new leaf.

*Tredwell (looking at the book).* Yes, I turned over one just as you came in. But what brings you here?

*Bellair.* I will tell you a secret. I have come to make love.

*Tredwell.* What! Are you engaged by the day, too? O Lord! Lord! Aunt must be mad.

*Bellair.* What the devil's the matter with you? What's all the row about? It seems to me that it is you who are mad.

*Tredwell (with a tragic air).* "I am not mad! I am not mad! but soon shall be!"

*Bellair.* Damn it, Harry, are you drunk?

*Tredwell (mournfully).* Alas! no. Too early in the day! Too early in the day!

*Bellair.* Don't feel so bad about it. There is plenty of time before midnight.

*Tredwell.* You mistake, Charley, you mistake the cause of my grief. To think that my poor aunt should have engaged you to make love by the day too! Oh! She has taken leave of her senses; there can be no doubt about it.

*Bellair.* And you have followed her example. What do you mean by your aunt engaging me to make love? She knows nothing about my love making.

*Tredwell.* What a relief! I really was

alarmed. You must understand that she has engaged me to make love to a young lady who is stopping here.

*Bellair.* The devil she has! (*Aside.*) It must be Henrietta.

*Tredwell.* And the best of the joke is, I have agreed to do it.

*Bellair (sarcastically).* How funny!

*Tredwell.* And I was afraid she had engaged you for the same purpose.

*Bellair.* I wish that she had, for I think that you are talking about my Henrietta.

*Tredwell.* Your Henrietta! What makes her yours?

*Bellair.* The right of discovery.

*Tredwell.* Where did you find her?

*Bellair.* In a railway car.

*Tredwell.* But how did you learn that she was here?

*Bellair.* A friend of the family brought me here.

*Tredwell.* What is his name?

*Bellair.* Sir James Jermyn.

*Tredwell.* Don't call him a friend of the family. His red head is emblematic of what he has been in this house: a firebrand!

*Bellair.* You astonish me; he is a good-natured, gentlemanly fellow enough.

*Tredwell.* Let me give you a hint of the



situation. Aunt wants a baronet for a son-in-law. Uncle does not want an English one. It is war to the knife with them ; neither will yield, and the domestic convulsion threatens to bring the house about their ears. I am to be in the thick of the fight, and I like it.

*Bellair.* On which side are you engaged ?

*Tredwell.* Both.

*Bellair.* But you must betray one.

*Tredwell.* Both.

*Bellair.* What an unconscionable rascal !  
What's your motive for such treachery ?

*Tredwell.* Love ; and everything is fair in love and war.

*Bellair.* Oh, I see ; you want the daughter for yourself.

*Tredwell.* And her father has engaged me to make love to her.

*Bellair.* Indeed !

*Tredwell (smiling).* Only enough to amuse her, you know.

*Bellair (laughing).* You must be an adept in diplomacy. Perhaps you can help me.

*Tredwell.* Certainly ; let us form an alliance, offensive and defensive. We'll bring the old lady into our confidence. She will be only too glad to help us, for she's very much afraid that the baronet will take a fancy to Henrietta ; have you any encouragement in that quarter ?

*Bellair.* Oh, you know faint heart never won fair lady.

*Tredwell.* That's right. Courage, *mon enfant*. Here comes aunt! (*Enter Mrs. C.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* Good evening, Mr. Bellair.

*Bellair.* Good evening, madame.

*Tredwell.* Bellair is an old chum of mine, aunt. We have been having a confidential chat together. Now, I'll wager you can't picture to yourself the state of his mind.

*Bellair.* I have no doubt your aunt would rather be excused from taking the trouble.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I really could not say what it is.

*Tredwell.* I see picturing the mind is a style of painting you are not an adept at; let me sketch it for you: He is irresistibly, madly in love. What do you say to that, now?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Let me look at you, Harry. Have you been taking anything?

*Tredwell.* Only a survey of my friend's mental condition.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I hardly see the propriety of my expressing any opinion on the subject.

*Tredwell.* What if I were to tell you that he loves Henrietta with a flame that all the waves of time cannot extinguish?

*Mrs. Craddock.* I should say, in that case, that he has my best wishes if ——(*hesitating*).

*Bellair.* Madame, I think I can satisfy you——

*Tredwell (interrupting).* All right, aunt, I know all about him. He is very high-toned. If not the noblest Roman of them all, he is a connection of that highly respectable individual.

*Bellair (laughing).* After such an eloquent eulogy you can no longer hesitate to favor my suit, madame.

*Mrs. Craddock.* She will be here in a moment, and you can plead your cause in person. (*Enter Kate and Henrietta.*)

*Kate.* Why, Harry Tredwell, how do you do? What brings you here?

*Tredwell.* That's hospitable, I must say!

*Bellair.* Miss Craddock, if you are as well acquainted with him as I am you will be surprised to learn that he is writing a book.

*Kate.* Writing a book.

*Mrs. Craddock.* A book! Harry, a book?

*Tredwell.* Perhaps you don't think there is calf enough about me for a book.

*Kate.* Harry, let me make you acquainted with Miss Clavering.

*Tredwell (bowing).* Won't you take my part, Miss Clavering? You see how they are abusing me.

*Henrietta.* Perhaps they are surprised that

a person of your ability should do such a foolish thing.

*Kate.* Precisely, Henrietta. We are surprised that a person of his ability should do such a thing.

*Bellair.* We are like Job, Harry; we want our enemies, not our friends, to write books.

*Tredwell.* True, it is a painful job to write one.

*Kate.* If that remark is a specimen of the style of your book, I can't say that I admire it. "Painful job!" Disgusting! (*Henrietta and Bellair go apart and seat themselves and appear to converse.*)

*Tredwell.* Indeed! Wasn't Job painful? He was boiling over with pain.

*Kate.* The atrocious use you are making of that old Hebrew's misfortunes gives him another claim to our pity. (*Enter Sir J. J.*)

*Sir James Fermyn.* Good evening, my fair antagonist. I am glad you are in a merciful humor. I overheard you, you see.

*Kate.* Good evening, Sir James! Let me present to you an object of my pity, Mr. Tredwell.

*Fermyn.* Do you know, my dear fellow, I rather envy you? For one of our poets, you know, has said that pity is—ah, that pity is—ah, you see what I mean, I fancy?

*Tredwell.* "Pity is achin' to love," you would say.

*Fermyn.* Ha! ha-a-a-a! Not bad, that, now! Ha! ha-a-a-a! A very clever turn of expression, to be sure. You would have us understand that pity is anxious to love.

*Kate.* Now you see, Sir James, why he excites my compassion. He intends that sort of thing for wit.

*Fermyn.* Ungrammatical, to be sure, but not bad. I have heard worse.

*Mrs. Craddock.* We overlook a good deal in my nephew; he is a privileged character among us, Sir James.

*Kate.* The family jester, a position similar to that of the court —

*Tredwell.* Stop, stop, Kate, don't complete the sentence; you have been sufficiently complimentary already. As for me, I'll take refuge in my book for awhile. (*Goes apart, sits down, and begins to read.* *Kate and Sir James seat themselves and engage in conversation.* *Mrs. C. sits down by herself, using her fan.* *Enter Mr. C., who takes a seat by Tredwell.*)

*Craddock (aside to Tredwell).* Harry, you are not keeping a very sharp lookout. Just see what Kate and Henrietta are about.

*Tredwell (aside to Craddock).* Yes, I am. (*Aloud.*) Sir James!

*Fermyn.* Well, my studious friend, I am listening.

*Tredwell.* I am reading about your ancestors.

*Fermyn.* My ancestors!

*Mrs. Craddock.* How interested you must be, Sir James, in everything relating to your noble ancestors.

*Tredwell.* They didn't wear any breeches. (*They all exclaim in astonishment, and look at him amazed.*)

*Craddock (aside to Tredwell).* Good shot, Harry! Woke them all up.

*Fermyn.* Really, my young friend has made a discovery which astonishes me. There is no tradition of that kind in our family.

*Tredwell.* Worse than that, they didn't wear any clothes at all. If you doubt me listen. (*Reads.*) "The Romans retired in disgust from the pursuit of naked savages." He is speaking of the ancient Britons.

*Bellair.* Then the Romans would have retired in disgust from the pursuit of Adam and Eve.

*Fermyn.* I fancy you don't find that in Debrett.

*Craddock.* What's the book, Harry?

*Tredwell.* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Will you look at it yourself,

Sir James? (*Offers him the book; in doing so drops it on his foot.*)

*Fermyn* (*in pain*). Oh! ah! Confound the book.

*Kate*. Sir James would rather have declined that fall.

*Tredwell* (*with much gravity*). Don't abuse this history, Sir James, for histories are the biographies of nations, and when their temples are in ruins and their people in their graves, these books, like kind friends, stay behind to speak a good word for them after they are gone.

*Craddock*. Damn it, Harry, are you going to deliver a sermon?

*Bellair*. Do you call it a good word to describe a people as naked savages who excited disgust in their enemies?

*Craddock*. Gibbon, who was an Englishman, should have spoken more respectfully of his ancestors.

*Fermyn*. Don't you think, now, there is a good deal of rot about this ancestor business?

*Tredwell* (*sententiously*). If they have been buried long enough, undoubtedly.

*Fermyn*. Ha! ha-a-a-a! You mistake my meaning entirely, I assure you. Rot is our English word for humbug, you know.

*Kate* (*picking up a piece of paper which*

*dropped out of the book*). What's this? I declare, Harry has been taking notes; let me read them.

*Tredwell*. No! no! Give it to me; give it to me, Kate. (*Tries to take it from her.*)

*Kate*. Here, pa, you read it (*holding it out to him, T. still trying to get it*).

*Craddock* (*takes it*). Verses, I declare. (*They all exclaim, "Read! read!"*)

*Tredwell*. Uncle, I beg of you, don't.

*Craddock*. Can't pay any attention to your modesty. (*Reads.*)

I know a little lass, a pretty little lass,  
A merry little lass is she;  
In her face as a glass, in her face as a glass,  
Her merry little thoughts I see.

This merry little maid is a kind little maid,  
A tender little heart has she;  
In her eye there's a shade, in her eye there's a shade,  
That softens the light of its glee.

I love this little maid, this merry little dear,  
Not any love could truer be;  
I'll whisper in her ear, I'll whisper in her ear,  
And perhaps she'll say yes to me.

*Craddock* (*looking at Tredwell*). You'll whisper in her ear! you'll whisper in her ear!

*Tredwell* (*smiling*). Only enough to amuse her, uncle.

*Fermyn*. Not a bad way to make love, you know.



*Kate.* Is that the way you do, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* Would you really like to know, now?

*Kate.* I have the curiosity natural to a——

*Fermyn.* A merry little lass, a pretty little lass, as our friend here says.

*Craddock (aside to Tredwell).* Confound the puppy! Actually making love to her before us all! Harry, can't you separate them?

*Tredwell.* Miss Clavering, will you let us have some music?

*Henrietta (going to the piano).* What shall I play? Oh, here's a nice polka. (*Plays.*)

*Tredwell.* Come, Kate (*puts his arm round her waist and dances out of the room with her.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* Do you not dance, Sir James? Kate delights in it.

*Fermyn.* Very fond of it, I assure you, but our friend's historical studies have interfered with my dancing for this evening. My foot pains me. I think I must go and get my boot off. Good evening. (*Limps toward the door.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* I will have my nephew taught better manners by the next time you call, Sir James.

*Fermyn.* Oh, don't, I beg of you; he is very amusing as he is. (*Goes out.*)

*Craddock.* Damn that puppy!

*Henrietta.* Oh, fie, Mr. Craddock! Swear-

ing! See, you have frightened me out of the room. (*Goes out with Bellair.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* Swear away, Mr. Craddock, swear away; you can't prevent it by swearing. He has fallen in love with her and I will be a nobleman's mother-in-law in spite of you.

*Craddock.* You old idiot!

*Mrs. Craddock (with dignity).* Thank you, Mr. Craddock; in your present humor you are not fit company for me. (*Goes out.*)

*Craddock (alone).* My plans don't appear to work well. Kate seems to be yielding to her mother's wishes. I wonder if she can be dazzled by a title. If something is not done speedily I am afraid this Englishman will get her. I was in hopes I could have kept her a little longer with me. (*Pauses in meditation. Tredwell, who has entered unperceived, exclaims:*)

*Tredwell.* Why so pensive, uncle?

*Craddock.* What! You there, Harry? I am feeling quite sad.

*Tredwell.* What is the cause of your sadness?

*Craddock.* I am afraid that in spite of all I can do I am going to lose my daughter.

*Tredwell.* Lose her! How are you going to lose her?

*Craddock.* The Englishman, Harry, the Englishman!

*Tredwell.* He is a nice enough fellow in his way; not our kind exactly, but not so bad after all.

*Craddock.* Harry, don't, don't you desert me in this my hour of need. Henrietta has signally failed me, and if you abandon me I will give up in despair.

*Tredwell.* Can you think of no way to prevent the Englishman carrying off Kate?

*Craddock.* I have not an idea. I begin to think that fate and Mrs. Craddock are too much for me.

*Tredwell.* Leave it all to me, and I will undertake that the Englishman sha'n't get her.

*Craddock.* Well, you will have my blessing if you succeed. Now, Harry, what is your first move?

*Tredwell.* That you say to me that your opposition to this English match is all make believe.

*Craddock.* I don't see how that is going to help matters.

*Tredwell.* I do; but you must not ask me to explain. I must have full power in this matter or I cannot proceed.

*Craddock.* Well, then, Harry, have it your own way. My opposition to this English match is all make believe. Where did you leave Kate?

*Tredwell.* With her mother. She took us to task for bouncing out of the room the way we did, and I left them, as I saw my presence was not wanted.

*Craddock.* I'll go and look after them.  
(*Goes out.*)

*Tredwell.* Kate! Kate! My fair tormenter, you will not escape me now. Pretty bird, I think I already see you struggling in the net I am preparing for you. I must retire to dream over this delightful idea. (*Goes out.*)

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

(*Mr. Craddock's library. Tredwell seated reading. Enter Kate.*)

*Kate.* Hem! Hem! (*Tredwell pays no attention.*) O pshaw! Can't you stop staring at that stupid book?

*Tredwell.* The book is not stupid, but I will stop staring if you want me to.

*Kate.* Are you reading about Sir James Jermyn's ancestors again?

*Tredwell.* Not at all. The Englishman does not occupy my thoughts as much as he appears to do yours.

*Kate.* He does occupy a good deal of my time.

*Tredwell.* He seems to be very fond of your company.

*Kate.* Yes, and I am afraid I will have to marry him.

*Tredwell.* I think it is very likely. Your father told me that his opposition to the match was all make believe.

*Kate.* Can it be possible?

*Tredwell.* Perhaps your father thinks it is the best way to manage you and your mother. He knows you are both fond of having your own way.

*Kate.* Who would have thought that father was so sly? Harry, what shall I do?

*Tredwell.* Marry him, I suppose. (*Beginning to read again.*)

*Kate.* And is that all you care about it?

*Tredwell.* Oh, you want me to be enthusiastic about it! Well, then, how glad I am that you will have a rich man and a baronet for a husband!

*Kate (after a pause).* Is she a very pretty girl, Harry?

*Tredwell.* What particular she do you refer to?

*Kate.* Oh, you know very well.

*Tredwell.* I am at a loss to imagine what you are driving at. We were not talking about any girl but you.

*Kate.* Oh, you know I refer to the girl you wrote about in those verses pa read the other night.

*Tredwell.* I don't see how she can interest you.

*Kate.* I would like to know her. She must be a very nice girl from your description. Don't you think so?

*Tredwell.* I do indeed.

*Kate.* Are you going to marry her, Harry?

*Tredwell (sharply).* What's that to you?

*Kate (pensively).* Don't be so sharp with me, Harry. If I am going to be sent away with this Englishman, I would like to know that you are to be happy before I go, that's all.

*Tredwell.* Bless you, dear Kate, what would you say if I was thinking of you when I wrote the verses?

*Kate.* Oh, Harry! are you going to whisper in my ear?

*Tredwell (putting his arm round her).* Will you say yes if I do?

*Kate.* Yes.

*Tredwell (kissing her).* Now we understand each other, Kate.

*Kate.* But how are we to escape the Englishman? I am ashamed to ask pa to let me off now, since I have opposed him so long.

Besides, he would not do it, anyway, if he is so anxious for me to marry him.

*Tredwell.* Don't say a word to him about this. Leave everything to me; I have a plan.

*Kate.* What is it?

*Tredwell.* I will explain as matters develop. In the meantime, if the Englishman asks you to marry him, say yes.

*Kate.* But Harry!

*Tredwell.* You must trust to me implicitly.

*Kate.* Well, I must leave you now, for I promised to go out with Henrietta. (*Goes out.*)

*Tredwell.* I begin to see my way clearly. Making love to order is not so disagreeable when it is the very thing you would have done had you not been requested to do it.

(*Enter Fermyn.*)

*Fermyn.* Ah! my studious friend, one is pretty sure of finding you at your books. I was told that the ladies were out, and that you were in here.

*Tredwell.* Good morning, Sir James. Glad to see you. I am sorry you are disappointed about the ladies.

*Fermyn.* It is not exactly the polite thing to you, you know, but I must say I am disappointed.

*Tredwell.* Oh, don't imagine that I feel hurt because you don't find my company as

agreeable as the ladies'. We poor book worms are so busy gnawing at our books that we cannot be pleasant companions, and we would be foolish to expect people to think so.

*Fermyn.* My dear fellow, you are hardly fair to yourself. I am sure you are sometimes quite a lively worm, to carry out your simile. Ha! ha-a-a-a! I have you there, I think.

*Tredwell.* Yes, Sir James, you are like the early bird; you have caught the worm, although you have missed the ladies.

*Fermyn.* It's odd, now, how one does miss the ladies.

*Tredwell.* Especially those we are accustomed to meet often.

*Fermyn.* Yes, they say if one has a fancy for any of them he feels quite lost if he is not with them all the time.

*Tredwell.* How many of them do you generally fancy at once, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* My dear fellow, do you take me for a Turk? One at a time is enough for any Christian. I don't know that I ever fancied any one, however.

*Tredwell.* Maybe there is one tugging at your heart strings now, without your knowing it.

*Fermyn.* I must confess I have been feeling rather queer of late.



*Tredwell.* What have been your symptoms, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* A sort of seedy, restless feeling, you know; don't enjoy my beer, and all that sort of thing. It's beastly annoying, I assure you.

*Tredwell.* Yes, yes, you are in love; can't be any doubt of it. Is there no place where this restlessness leaves you?

*Fermyn.* Now that you mention it, I think I don't feel much of it in this house, you know.

*Tredwell.* You mean when the ladies are here.

*Fermyn.* Odd, now, that that never occurred to me before. You are deucedly clever, do you know?

*Tredwell.* It is clear to me that you are in love with one of the ladies of this house.

*Fermyn.* Now, really! I wonder which one it can be; they are all so agreeable, you know.

*Tredwell.* Perhaps it is aunt.

*Fermyn.* Oh dear, no! my dear fellow. I am not a Frenchman, to fall in love with other men's wives.

*Tredwell.* It can't be Miss Clavering; for your friend Bellair is after her.

*Fermyn.* Queer, I never noticed that, now, do you know?

*Tredwell.* That's proof conclusive that you are not in love with her.

*Fermyn.* There is only one left.

*Tredwell.* It must be she.

*Fermyn.* I see I must be spoony on Miss Craddock.

*Tredwell.* Just so.

*Fermyn.* What does a fellow do under such circumstances? It's awkward for me so far away from home, you know.

*Tredwell.* I don't know what your English customs are when a fellow gets in such a scrape, but in America we generally ask the girl to marry us.

*Fermyn.* To be sure, now, you Americans always have an ingenious way of getting out of a mess. I would have thought twice before that would have occurred to me, you know. I am obliged to you, I assure you, for the suggestion.

*Tredwell.* Don't you think you had better act on it?

*Fermyn.* It's very singular, you know, what a queer feeling the idea gives me.

*Tredwell.* A feeling of happiness, I suppose.

*Fermyn.* Not at all, I assure you. It's a beastly funky feeling, you know,

*Tredwell.* That is some English feeling, I suppose.

*Fermyn.* Oh dear, no! Everybody feels funky on occasion; a kind of timidity, you know.

*Tredwell.* I think there is no occasion for that feeling on your part in this instance. I have watched Miss Craddock, and you need not ——

*Fermyn.* Thanks; I was not at all apprehensive of the result.

*Tredwell (aside).* Confound his impudence! *(Aloud).* I am at a loss to understand what you mean by timidity, then.

*Fermyn.* It's a feeling as if I were going to make an ass of myself, you know. You see what I mean, I fancy.

*Tredwell.* Oh, yes! I see. Very natural that you should feel so. Might I make a suggestion?

*Fermyn.* Most happy.

*Tredwell.* Don't say anything to the old gentleman about it.

*Fermyn.* Why not, pray?

*Tredwell.* He might refuse his consent.

*Fermyn.* That's odd, now. How about the old lady?

*Tredwell.* I have no doubt that she favors you.

*Fermyn.* Don't surprise me in the least; I generally succeed with the ladies.

*Tredwell.* Yet, Sir James, the situation is not without its complications; you may have to make a runaway match of it.

*Fermyn.* Quite romantic, my dear fellow, but rather a bore, you know.

*Tredwell.* Still, if you are to be married.

*Fermyn.* As you say, if I am to be married, and I suppose I must; it's the sort of thing one's expected to do once in one's lifetime at least.

*Tredwell.* I can smooth the way for you if you will let me speak to the old lady.

*Fermyn.* Thanks! thanks! it will save me making all the beastly speeches expected from one on such occasions, you know.

*Tredwell.* Then it is understood that I am to mention this matter to Mrs. Craddock?

*Fermyn.* Thanks! only too happy to have you do so. (*Looks at his watch.*) I see I am late. Good morning. (*Goes toward the door, stops, turns round, says:.*) While you are at it, my dear fellow, couldn't you mention it to the young lady as well?

*Tredwell.* Oh, Sir James, that would never do.

*Fermyn.* Ah! just so. I suppose it can't be helped. Good morning. (*Goes out.*)

*Tredwell.* There he goes, about as enthusiastic as an oyster on the half shell ready to be

swallowed. Still, notwithstanding his apathy, he is good-natured enough to make a very desirable husband. But I must see aunt and delight her with my news. (*Goes out.*)

(*Enter Mr. Craddock, Kate, and Henrietta.*)

*Mr. Craddock* (*in rage*). I won't retract; I say damn that Englishman; damn him! (*defiantly*).

*Kate*. For shame, father! See how shocked Henrietta is.

*Craddock*. I should think she would be shocked at her treachery.

*Henrietta*. My treachery!

*Craddock*. Don't pretend ignorance, miss. You know very well what I mean.

*Kate*. Father, you are possessed; whom has she betrayed?

*Craddock*. Me, of course.

*Kate*. You, of course!

*Craddock*. Yes, it's the fashion to betray me. And that Bellair fellow, too, damn *him*.

*Henrietta*. Your father will soon be as bad as the pope.

*Kate*. You think he will be damning the whole world before he leaves off. But why send poor Mr. Bellair to perdition, pa?

*Craddock*. Before the jackanapes came Henrietta engaged herself to me to — (*Stops, looks foolish.*) It's no matter; I say damn him.

*Henrietta.* Your father seems to have a terrible spite against Mr. Bellair, Kate.

*Kate.* And Sir James Jermyn, too, but ——

*Craddock (interrupting).* I wish his red head would set him on fire and burn him up some day.

*Kate.* Pa's a good actor, Henrietta; he only pretends to dislike Sir James.

*Henrietta.* You don't tell me! Is that so?

*Kate.* Yes, he likes him; his anger is all make believe.

*Henrietta.* Oh, Mr. Craddock! how can you be so sly?

*Craddock (who has been looking from one to the other in mute wonder and rage, exclaims:)* Damn me if I don't believe you have all conspired to drive me crazy. *(Rushes out of the room.)*

*Henrietta.* I'll go after him, Kate, and make my peace with him. *(Goes out. Enter Mrs. Craddock.)*

*Mrs. Craddock.* I have an important communication to make to you, my dear.

*Kate.* What is it, mother?

*Mrs. Craddock.* I met Sir James Jermyn just now in the hall as he was leaving the house. He seemed surprised and somewhat embarrassed. I invited him into the parlor; he entered with apparent reluctance, and we

were hardly seated when Harry came in ; an explanation ensued, and the upshot of it is that Sir James has asked of me your hand in marriage.

*Kate.* Is he in the parlor now ?

*Mrs. Craddock.* No, he has gone to take a turn in the open air, as he says, for the purpose of bracing his nerves. I promised in the meantime to prepare you for his proposal, which he will soon return to make in person.

*Kate.* What will pa say to it ?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Oh, he must not know anything about it.

*Kate.* But are you sure that pa is really opposed to my marrying Sir James ?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Kate, what do you mean ? You know that your father is in a chronic state of rage on the subject.

*Kate.* Poor pa, he does seem to be in an extraordinary state of mind.

*Mrs. Craddock.* That is one reason I wish your marriage with Sir James to take place as soon as possible. When your father finds that he can't help himself, he will be resigned.

*Kate.* Mother ! mother ! my conscience misgives me ; it does not seem right. I don't see what Harry can mean by urging me to listen to the proposals of Sir James.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Harry is young, but he has

an old head on his shoulders. He has a talent for management quite extraordinary in one of his years.

*Kate.* I believe you, mother. (*Aside.*) If she only knew.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Besides Harry has a proper ambition. I have no doubt he is desirous of having a baronet for a cousin-in-law.

*Kate.* I have none of that ambition, and if I say yes to Sir James to-day it will be merely because I have been told to do so. Mother, that is hardly the right state of mind to be married in.

*Mrs. Craddock.* For shame, Kate! I thought your mother's daughter was above such mawkish sentimentality.

*Kate.* Then, mother, I can't persuade you to let me put this matter off for awhile?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Put this matter off? Put off being Lady Jermyn! What can be the matter with the child?

*Kate.* Well, I'll obey you, but it goes against my conscience.

*Mrs. Craddock.* It goes against your conscience to obey your mother!

*Kate.* You seem to forget that I have a father.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Forget him! He's like remorse, he's a perpetual torment. But this



is woman's business in which he has no right to interfere.

*Kate.* And he says that I am his daughter, and that you have no right to give me away against his wishes.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I tell you it's none of his business.

*Kate.* Then you counsel me to disobey him?

*Mrs. Craddock.* I do.

*Kate.* Mother, you may have occasion to regret this.

*Mrs. Craddock.* If you become Lady Jermyn by so doing, I will always remember it with satisfaction.

(*Enter Mr. Craddock.*)

*Craddock.* Oh, you are at your Lady Jermyns again! Can't you let the girl have a moment's peace?

*Kate.* What do you think ma has been telling me, pa?

*Craddock.* I am sure, my dear, I can't guess; your mother has got entirely beyond me.

*Kate.* She says I must not obey you if you forbid me to marry Sir James Jermyn.

*Craddock.* And I tell you, Kate, you must not obey her if she commands you to marry him.

*Kate.* So then I am compelled to disobey one of you, for it will have to be yes or no to Sir James should he ask me.

*Mrs. Craddock.* If he asks you to marry him say yes.

*Craddock.* And I forbid you to marry him whether you say yes or no.

*Mrs. Craddock.* You were glad enough to have me say yes to you, Mr. Craddock.

*Craddock.* I am sure I wish you had said no.

*Kate.* If you had what would have become of me? The very idea frightens me.

*Craddock.* You would not have married this confounded Englishman at all events. But I won't hear any more on the subject. So I'll leave you. (*Goes out.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* We'll take him at his word, Kate, and not let him hear any more on the subject. We will arrange your marriage with Sir James without his knowledge. But it is time for Sir James to be back. I will leave you to receive him alone. (*Goes out.*)

*Kate (alone).* I'm in as great a dilemma as Hamlet. Let me see:

Pa or ma to obey? That is the question:  
Whether it is better in the end to suffer  
Loud and angry words of contentious parents,  
Or to make up my mind against their squabbles,  
And not obeying, end them? To fly, to stay—

No more—and by a flight to say I end  
The racket and the thousand marital shocks  
This house is vexed by: 'Tis a consummation  
Sincerely I have wished. To fly—to run—  
To run ! perchance elope; ay, there's a go;  
For in that flight of mine what qualms may come  
When I have shuffled off this Craddock name  
Must give me pause.

Oh, what is a poor little girl to do? I grow tired of this suspense, and, *a la* Wellington, would that Jermyn or night were come; and here he is. (*Enter Jermyn.*)

*Jermyn.* Ah! my fair friend, I find you alone.

*Kate.* Yes, Sir James, and I was just wishing that someone would come in.

*Jermyn.* Odd, now, I was hoping that I would find you alone.

*Kate.* How ungallant, Sir James, to wish me to be alone when I desire company.

*Jermyn.* Your accusation is hardly fair, you know, for my presence here contradicts it.

*Kate.* You mean you give me the company I was wishing for?

*Jermyn.* I hope so, I assure you. It would be annoying, you know, if my company were not agreeable under the circumstances, you know.

*Kate.* To what circumstances do you refer, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* Dear me, now ; I—I mean, you know, the—the—but really now, this is somewhat of a bore, you know.

*Kate (smiling).* Is it ?

*Fermyn (becoming more embarrassed).* There now—don't laugh at me, I beg—but—I never was spoony in my life before, you know.

*Kate (with mock wonder).* Indeed ! What is spoony ? Are you spoony now, Sir James ?

*Fermyn.* Awfully !

*Kate.* Does it hurt ?

*Fermyn.* Come, now, don't make game of a fellow. My feelings are sufficiently painful already, I assure you.

*Kate.* Don't people take anything when they have these attacks, Sir James ? Is there nothing I can do for you ?

*Fermyn.* Really, I think you might help a fellow to get it out, you know. I—I assure you I never felt so funky in my life.

*Kate.* When people are spoony are they also funky ? I am at a loss, Sir James. You puzzle me.

*Fermyn (in great distress).* Oh dear ! Oh dear ! Do you think it exactly the thing, you know, to make fun of a fellow's sufferings ?

*Kate.* Your attack seems to be chiefly nervous ; perhaps a little chloroform——

*Fermyn.* Thanks! thanks! I should not mind if I had a little, you know.

*Kate.* I'll run and get you some. (*Goes out.*)

*Fermyn (alone).* Most astonishing, I declare! I never thought I would make such a beastly mess of it; must be the nerves. Capital idea, that chloroform. Here she comes with it.

(*Enter Kate with chloroform; hands it to Fermyn, who uses it.*)

*Fermyn.* Thanks! thanks! I'll be all right in a moment.

*Kate.* I am glad you are better, Sir James.

*Fermyn.* I would never have believed it of myself.

*Kate.* Nor I, Sir James; but then I have never seen you when you were funky. Is it a very painful feeling?

*Fermyn.* It is not the body, you know, that hurts when one is funky; it is the mind. One's heart fails him, as it were.

*Kate.* You don't mean to tell me, Sir James, that it was fear that troubled you a moment ago.

*Fermyn.* Very extraordinary, I confess, but nevertheless true, I assure you.

*Kate.* What could have made you afraid, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* I am so spooney, you know. O Lord! I feel faint again. I must take another

sniff. (*Puts the viol to his nose.*) How very refreshing!

*Kate.* Shall I send for a physician, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* Oh dear! no. A doctor would be no use in my case, I assure you.

*Kate.* Then your malady is incurable?

*Fermyn.* I hope that you may wish so; for I assure you I have no desire to be cured of it.

*Kate.* You are determined to bewilder me. What is this malady, Sir James?

*Fermyn* (*getting down on one knee suddenly and taking her hand, which startles her, and causes her to exclaim, O Lord!*). Love for you, adorable creature. (*He looks up at her without saying another word.*)

*Kate.* Rise, Sir James! Rise! this will never do.

*Fermyn.* Never, I assure you, till I have learned my fate.

*Kate.* How unreasonable in you, Sir James! I am not a fortune teller.

*Fermyn.* When I lay my title and myself at your feet, surely you can tell my fortune.

*Kate.* I really cannot tell how much you have a year, Sir James. In fact, I never gave the matter a thought.

*Fermyn.* Odd, now, that I cannot make

myself understood. I mean will you be Lady Jermyn?

*Kate.* That depends.

*Jermyn.* The settlements shall be entirely satisfactory, I assure you.

*Kate.* You mistake, Sir James. I have never been asked to be Lady Jermyn.

*Jermyn.* Is that all, my charmer? Then I ask you to be Lady Jermyn; my wife, you know. Now, what do you say?

*Kate.* Yes.

*Jermyn.* Thanks. (*Attempts to get up, but stops with an exclamation of pain.*) Oh! ah! what a beastly chapter of accidents! I can't get up, you know.

*Kate.* Funky again, Sir James?

*Jermyn.* Oh dear! no. I have such a cramp, oh! ah! in my knee, you know.

*Kate.* Let me assist you. (*Tries to pull him up.*) Oh dear! you are too heavy. I must ring for assistance.

*Jermyn (in alarm).* Don't! don't! I beg of you. The servants, you know. Too ridiculous!

(*Enter Henrietta.*)

*Kate.* Come, Henrietta, help me to raise Sir James.

*Henrietta.* Certainly, certainly. What's the matter with him?

*Kate.* Oh, he's been spoony and funky, and the dear knows all what, and now he has a cramp in the knee.

*Fermyn.* True, I assure you.

*Henrietta.* Well, Kate, you take one arm and I will take the other. (*They assist him to rise. He gets up on one leg and hops to a seat and sits down.*)

*Fermyn.* Oh! ah! (*feeling his leg*). It's lucky for a fellow that this sort of thing does not happen often in a lifetime, you know.

*Kate.* Oh, Sir James!

*Fermyn.* Don't misconstrue me, I beg of you. A fellow, you know, may like the pearl, you know, although he may find it a bore to dive for it, you know.

*Henrietta.* Well done, Sir James. I think that remark suggests the propriety of my leaving you and Kate alone.

*Kate.* Stop, Henrietta, we may need you again.

*Fermyn.* That beastly cramp has gone now, and for fear of further accident I will leave you for the present. *Au revoir bientôt.*

*Kate.* Don't disappoint me now.

*Fermyn.* What do you take me for?

*Kate.* After our conversation you ought to know.

*Fermyn.* Ha! ha-a-a-a! I see, your hus-



band. Not bad that, now. Ha! ha-a-a-a! I leave you to return soon. (*Goes out.*)

*Henrietta.* Then, Kate, he has proposed, and you?

*Kate.* Have said yes to his proposal.

*Henrietta.* Shall I congratulate you?

*Kate.* As you please. Let us go and tell my mother. But mind! not a word to father about this.

*Henrietta.* Certainly, not a word. (*Aside.*) I deserted his camp long ago. (*They go out.*)

END OF ACT III.

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## ACT IV.

(*Room in Mr. Craddock's house. Kate in a wedding dress before a glass, putting a flower in her hair. Tredwell putting on gloves. Kate turns round.*)

*Kate.* There, Harry, will I do?

*Tredwell.* You are like the spirit of a beautiful dream, a vision of loveliness.

*Kate.* Oh, you speak with the exaggeration of a lover. I mean is my dress *comme il faut*? Are there any finishing touches which would aid the *tout ensemble*?

*Tredwell.* Now that you mention it, this flower droops rather much. Let me arrange

it. (*Approaches, touches the flower and kisses her.*) There, it is as it should be now.

*Kate.* Do you call that a finishing touch?

*Tredwell.* Oh, dear, no, that's only a beginning.

*Kate.* What would Sir James say if he were to see us?

*Tredwell.* What will he say when he does not see us?

*Kate.* Sure enough, what will he say? And ma? By the way, Harry, she says you have a talent for management quite extraordinary for one of your years.

*Tredwell.* Well, if I do say it, I think I have managed this matter rather nicely. I have got your father out of the way by persuading him to escort Henrietta home.

*Kate.* Suppose he were to come back suddenly.

*Tredwell.* Pshaw, Kate, don't interrupt me with such improbable suggestions. Then I persuaded your mother that the only sure way of bringing about your marriage with Sir James was by an elopement. He is to be here in half an hour.

*Kate.* It was a bright idea on your part, Harry, that you should take me to church and leave ma to accompany Sir James.

*Tredwell.* And then, you know, I have made

all the arrangements with the parson. In fact I am master of the situation, and we are only waiting your mother's blessing before we take our flight.

*Kate.* Oh! Harry, to think we are running away right before her eyes, without her knowing it! It almost frightens me.

*Tredwell.* Oh, pshaw! don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. We need not run very far.

*Kate.* To be sure, and when we get tired we can run back again. I know that pa will be so glad that I have escaped the Englishman that he will welcome me home with open arms. But here comes ma. (*Enter Mrs Craddock, who advances and kisses Kate, then retires and surveys her deliberately and says:*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* Well, Kate, I think the baronet may congratulate himself on getting such a wife.

*Tredwell (aside).* If he gets her he may congratulate himself.

*Kate.* I declare, ma, you and Harry will turn my head with flattery.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Are you sure, Harry, that you made Mr. Smith understand the necessity of perfect secrecy in this matter, and above all, did you impress upon him that the bride and groom are to kneel when receiving the blessing?

*Tredwell.* Everything is arranged ; he is dark as midnight, deaf, dumb, and blind. You understand (*laughing*). But we must start, Kate will want to have time to take off her wraps.

*Mrs. Craddock.* You are right ; come, Kate, let me help you. (*Arranges for going out ; kisses her.*) Bless you, my child !

*Tredwell.* Hurry, Kate ! Hurry ! (*They go out.*)

*Mrs. Craddock (sitting down).* As the consummation of my dearest wish approaches, my heart rather fails me. I begin to feel keenly that if I am gaining a baronet for a son-in-law, I am losing a daughter, for lost she will be when three thousand miles of salt water roll between her and me. She must live with her husband, and I cannot desert mine, no matter what I may say in my provoked moments. Poor, dear man ! It will about break his heart. (*Wipes her eyes.*) What's this ? Tears ! That is hardly the libation to pour at a happy wedding. I must not receive my future son-in-law in this mood. I wonder what keeps him. I feel restless. (*Rises and walks about the room.*) I hear a carriage ; he's come. Oh, dear, I'll feel better when it is all over. (*Enter Fermyn.*)

*Fermyn.* I am here at last, you see. I am

sorry to have kept you waiting, We had a beastly break-down on the way here, you know.

*Mrs. Craddock.* An accident, Sir James?

*Fermyn.* Yes, I was spilt.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Thrown out of your carriage? I hope you are not hurt.

*Fermyn.* Thanks! a mere scratch. I had to return, however, and change my dress. I was thrown into a beastly mud puddle, you know. I had the satisfaction of polishing off the driver, however.

*Mrs. Craddock.* How very annoying, Sir James!

*Fermyn.* Not in the least, I assure you. Quite a jolly lark.

*Mrs. Craddock.* Sir James, Kate and Harry have been gone some time. Had we not better start?

*Fermyn.* At your service at any moment, my dear madame. Shall we go? (*Offers her his arm, which she takes.*) I wonder what the old boy, Mr. Craddock, you know, will say when he finds out that we have eloped. (*Enter Mr. Craddock.*)

*Mr. Craddock.* Villain! Scoundrel! The old boy has answered quicker than you expected. (*Mrs. Craddock and Fermyn start back in surprise, Mrs. C. dropping his arm.*)

*Mrs. Craddock.* Mr. Craddock!

*Fermyn.* It is not necessary for you to speak so loud, my good sir. I am not deaf.

*Mr. Craddock (looking at him in amazement).* Damn me if you are not the coolest specimen! I catch you in the very act of your villainy, and when I upbraid you, you object to the tones of my voice. Is your ear as delicate, madame?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Oh, Jasper! Jasper! Do keep quiet. There is nothing so much out of the way in what we are doing.

*Craddock (sarcastically).* Isn't there, now? That's satisfactory. It meets your views exactly, eh!

*Fermyn.* I assure you, my dear sir, Mrs. Craddock entirely approves of this elopement.

*Craddock (bitterly).* Oh! does she? When did you and this old turtle dove conclude to spread your wings for flight?

*Fermyn.* Ha! ha-a-a-a! Not bad, that, now! Old turtle dove! Ha! ha-a-a-a! Thinks I'm running away with his wife! Ha! ha-a-a-a!

*Craddock (beside himself with rage).* Police! police! Where's the police?

*(Enter Kate and Harry.)*

*Tredwell.* Uncle, won't we do as well?

*Kate.* Father, calm yourself, calm yourself. Mother, what have you done to excite him so?

*Mrs. Craddock.* He found Sir James and me going out of the room on our way to meet you.

*Fermyn.* Ha! ha-a-a-a! And, my fair bride, would you believe it? he actually thought I was eloping with your mother.

*Craddock.* Your fair bride! Am I losing my senses? Will nobody explain?

*Mrs. Craddock.* When you came in we were on our way to church. Sir James expected ere this to have been Kate's husband, but he met with an accident which detained him.

*Tredwell.* Well, he need not trouble himself to go now; he is too late.

*Mrs. Craddock.* I hope not. I hope Mr. Craddock will now give his consent.

*Craddock.* Never, never shall she marry that man.

*Kate.* You never spoke a truer word, pa.

*Craddock.* Bless you, my darling (*folding her in his arms*).

*Mrs. Craddock.* How now, miss, do you retract at the last moment? I thought you went to church to get married.

*Fermyn.* That was my impression too, I assure you. It is hardly the thing to leave a fellow in the lurch in this way, you know.

*Tredwell.* The trouble with her now, Sir James, is that she could not marry you if she would.

*Fermyn.* I beg pardon! Did I hear you aright? Why not, pray?

*Tredwell.* Because if she did, she would commit bigamy.

*Fermyn.* Bigamy, my dear fellow! In England it is only married people who can commit bigamy; but I forget, you Americans are so deucedly clever that perhaps you can commit bigamy without being married.

*Tredwell (laughing).* Our abilities are not quite equal to that, Sir James. Kate cannot marry you because she is already married.

*Mr. Craddock, his wife, and Sir James exclaim together:* Married!

*Kate.* Yes, dear pa, Harry and I are married. Will you forgive me? (*Puts her arms round his neck.*)

*Mr. Craddock.* I am rejoiced. What a narrow escape you have made, my dear, from your mother and her friend!

*Mrs. Craddock.* I hope, Sir James, you are satisfied of my good faith. I have been duped, as well as you.

*Fermyn.* I hardly think that it is exactly the thing for me to complain. I tried to get her on the sly myself, you know. But how



the devil, my dear fellow, did you manage so cleverly, and what was your motive?

*Mrs. Craddock.* Yes, how and why did you persuade my daughter to betray her mother in this manner?

*Tredwell.*

Then know,  
Most puzzled, grave, and astonished Briton,  
My very dear and respected good aunt,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter.  
It is a fact; fact I have married her.  
The very sum and substance of my offense  
Amounts to this, no more. Excuse I do not make,  
And so I'll not try to help the matter  
By speaking for myself. Yet if you choose to listen,  
I will a true and honest story tell  
Of how it came about.  
Her father told me, oft recited me  
The painful story of the endless strife  
From day to day; the quarrels, pets, tantrums  
That he endured.  
He ran it through even from the luckless time  
Sir James arrived till the day he me did tell it,  
Wherein he spoke of his wife's designs,  
Of her contrivances, by hook and crook;  
Of his concern about the imminent hourly chance  
Of his daughter Kate yielding to her mother,  
And marrying Sir James;  
And bade me, if I was his friend, to court her  
But a little mite, he said, to try and  
Draw her from Sir James. Upon this hint I spake.  
She loved me for the school days of the past,  
And I loved her that she did think of them.  
This is the only way it came about.  
Here stands your daughter, let her answer you.

*Mr. Craddock (laughing).* We have heard Othello, Kate; what has Desdemona to say?

*Kate.* Oh! I was in the same fix as Desdemona; I had a divided duty. Ma commanded me to marry Sir James, you forbade me. What was I to do? Harry loved me, and I loved him; so to remove the bone of contention and restore peace to the family, we got married without letting either of you know it.

*Fermyn.* Very cleverly imagined, my fair deceiver, and kindly meant, I am sure. Deucedly clever! Ha! ha-a-a-a! I have to laugh when I think how neatly I have been done. I think I will return to my country by the next steamer and hide my diminished head.

*Mr. Craddock (shaking his hand).* You are a manly fellow, and I wish you a pleasant journey.

*Kate.* And when you get home, Sir James, you can amuse your friends by telling them how Kate Craddock came to get married.

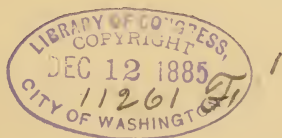
THE END.

# TEMPER TEMPEST.

A COMEDY.

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By FRANCIS GELLATLY.



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# TEMPER TEMPEST.

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## ACT I.

*(House at back, steps leading to grounds in front; shade trees; bench between two large trees, Mr. Talbot and Ellen seated on bench.)*

*Talbot (looking at his watch).* Ten o'clock, and that precious brother of yours has not made his appearance yet.

*Ellen.* You know, father, he was up very late last night.

*Talbot.* And why was he up late when he knew that I wanted to see him early this morning on business; but it is a farce to mention business and him in the same breath; he has not the faintest conception of the meaning of the word.

*Ellen.* You don't make sufficient allowance for him; remember, he is very young.

*Talbot.* Young! At his time of life I was the confidential clerk of one of the oldest firms in the city.

*Ellen.* Well, well, pa, we are not all born alike. Edward's tastes are not yours.

*Talbot.* He may bless his stars for that.

*Ellen.* Perhaps that was what he was doing last night, when I saw him looking at the sky so intently.

*Talbot.* Nothing so sensible, I'll be bound; it was the poetry of heaven or some such infernal tomfoolery he was thinking about.

*Ellen.* Why, pa, I did not know that you read Byron.

*Talbot.* Byron be d—— Pshaw!

*Ellen.* Quoted, you mean, pa.

*Talbot.* I never quote anything but stocks, and that puts me in mind; I will go and see if Henshaw has come; I telegraphed for him to be up by this train. (*Goes out.*)

*Ellen (alone).* It is a pity Edward is so different from his father; I can well understand pa's disappointment. His beau ideal is a clever business man; but with Edward it is nothing but books and art; and lately something else which seems to distract and distress him. He has been very glum for a while back; and here comes a person (*looking off*) who could tell me the cause if I am not much mistaken. (*Enter Charlotte, who salutes Ellen.*)

*Charlotte.* How are you, my dear? Isn't this a glorious morning?

*Ellen.* Charming! How is your mother?

*Charlotte.* Oh, she is in a high state of delight; our copy of the Nydia has arrived, and

she can't rest till she has had your brother's opinion upon it; besides, she wants to consult him about the place to put it. Where is he?

*Ellen.* Not up yet. By the way, Lotty, I am quite concerned about him.

*Charlotte.* I don't wonder, if he lies abed till this time of day.

*Ellen.* That is not it.

*Charlotte.* Oh, I remember; you don't approve of early rising. What has he been doing?

*Ellen.* Nothing wrong.

*Charlotte.* Then you may be sure that is what ails him. These men are never happy unless they are in some mischief.

*Ellen.* Perhaps you state the rule correctly, but all rules have exceptions.

*Charlotte.* And like a good, unsuspecting sister, you think your brother is an exception.

*Ellen.* What do you think?

*Charlotte.* I think we must wake him if we have to bring the house about his ears. Let us go in and give him a few operative touches. *(They enter the house and immediately loud squalling burlesque singing, with a thundering piano accompaniment is heard within. A window in upper story is opened, Edward looks out; noise stops.)*

*Edward.* I wonder who was making that fearful racket down stairs! (*Ellen and Charlotte come out of house.*)

*Charlotte.* If he is not dead that woke him.

*Edward (from window).* Good morning, spirits of discord!

*Ellen (looking up).* There he is, Lotty; come down, you lazy fellow.

*Charlotte (looking up).* Good morning, Rip Van Winkle! We thought you had started on your twenty years' nap.

*Edward.* There is no danger of that while you are in the neighborhood. (*Leaves window.*)

*Ellen.* Isn't he a good-natured fellow, Lotty?

*Charlotte.* You ought to know; you live with him.

*Edward (coming out of house).* Good morning, Miss Ramsey. Allow me to compliment you on the power of your lungs.

*Charlotte.* And permit me, Mr. Talbot, to congratulate you on the tranquillity of your nerves, which enables you to sleep so profoundly.

*Ellen.* Edward is not so lazy as he seems.

*Edward.* That is true; my sleep is only long at one end.

*Charlotte.* A while ago I thought it had no end. Do you think you are sufficiently wide awake to find your way over to our house?



*Edward.* I could go there with my eyes shut.

*Charlotte.* There is no occasion for that; ma wants to see you with your eyes open. The Nydia has arrived.

*Edward.* I will not delay a moment. I will run in and get a cup of coffee, and go over immediately. (*Goes into house.*)

*Ellen.* You see Edward is energetic enough whenever he has anything to interest him.

*Charlotte.* I have no doubt he is perfection in your eyes, but I am tired talking about him. Let us go and see your new flower bed.

(*They go off. Enter Talbot and Henshaw.*)

*Talbot.* And so you received no message from me the day before yesterday?

*Henshaw.* None whatever, and I did not like to take the responsibility. It is a pity, too, for the stock went up ten per cent the next day.

*Talbot.* And I have missed making a clean five thousand, all through the carelessness of that boy of mine! I am afraid I will never be able to make anything of him.

*Henshaw.* Don't say that, sir; he has fine talents—genius, in fact.

*Talbot.* Oh! yes, he is a genius; he's an idiot. To think of my losing five thousand in one day through his stupidity!

*Henshaw.* Are you not too severe, sir? He probably was not aware of the importance of your communication.

*Talbot.* Do you not see that you are proving him to be a blockhead?

*Henshaw.* Maybe he forgot it, sir.

*Talbot.* And am I to lose money by the thousands because his thoughts choose to go a-wool gathering?

*Henshaw.* Here he comes, sir.

*(Edward comes down steps of house.)*

*Talbot.* Well, Henshaw, you go in and write the letters I told you of, and leave me to settle this matter with him alone. I will bring him to his senses once for all.

*(Henshaw goes into house, shaking hands with Edward when they meet. Edward advances to his father, who seats himself on the bench.)*

*Edward.* Good morning, sir.

*Talbot.* This is not morning; this is the middle of the day.

*Edward.* Then I will say good day, sir, and leave you, as I have an engagement.

*Talbot.* Don't be in such a hurry, young man. Sit down; I have a word to say to you,

*Edward.* Please sir, excuse me just now; I am anxious to get over to Mrs. Ramsey's; she has sent for me.

*Talbot.* You seem to pay more attention to her messages than you do to mine. What did you do with the telegram I gave you the other day?

*Edward.* I hope it was not important, sir.

*Talbot.* But it was important. What did you do with it, I say?

*Edward* (*taking paper from his pocket*). Here it is.

*Talbot.* And that's the way you attend to business! Do you know that by keeping that paper in your pocket you have taken five thousand dollars out of mine?

*Edward.* Indeed, sir! I am sorry. I did not dream it was of so much consequence.

*Talbot.* That's queer, for you seem to be in a dream all the time; but I have determined that you shall wake up.

*Edward.* You are very bitter.

*Talbot.* It is a good tonic for a sweet youth like you, as your friend, Mrs. Ramsey, calls you. Are you not ashamed to pass your time the way you do, with women, and poetry, and pictures, and other trash of that sort?

*Edward.* Why discuss this subject, sir? You know we can never agree.

*Talbot.* You are right; you are not amenable to reason, so I have determined to abandon that, and resort to my paternal author-

ity. I will try force, since I cannot persuade you.

*Edward.* I trust, sir, you meditate no tyrannical constraint of my wishes.

*Talbot.* No; I merely intend that you shall no longer run counter to mine.

*Edward.* I have no such desire, I assure you.

*Talbot.* I am glad to hear it; for if that is the case, you will not object to a plan I have arranged for your future conduct.

*Edward.* What is it, sir?

*Talbot.* It is my wish that you leave for the city this evening with Henshaw. I want you to commence to-morrow the life of a business man under his direction. It is high time you were doing something in the world.

*Edward.* I agree with you that I ought to have an occupation; but I think that I should have a voice in the selection of it.

*Talbot.* Well, what would you say about it?

*Edward.* In the first place, I will never be a merchant.

*Talbot.* Oh! I see. You have no desire to run counter to my wishes.

*Edward.* Why sneer at me, sir? I really have no wish to oppose you. It pains me to disobey you.

*Talbot.* Don't, I beg of you, do such violence to your feelings on my account.

*Edward.* You speak unkindly, sir. Why not give me credit for sincerity? Nothing could give me more pleasure than to comply with your wishes if ——

*Talbot.* If you did not wish to comply with your own. Pray, what may be the occupation that you would like to engage in?

*Edward.* I would like to go to Italy and ——

*Talbot.* Yes, the sea voyage *would* be pleasant.

*Edward.* Hear me out, sir. I would like to go to Italy and study art. I think I have talents which would enable me to be a sculptor, and after my studies were completed ——

*Talbot.* You would present yourself at my door some day, with a tray on your head covered with plaster images. But let me ask, while preparing for this grand result, how would you support yourself?

*Edward.* Of course you are aware, sir, that I have no money.

*Talbot.* And I am also aware that you will get none of mine for any such purpose.

*Edward.* But, sir, you are rich.

*Talbot.* And as I mean to be richer before I die, I do not propose that you shall squander my means.

*Edward.* Why not give me before you die a little of the money I will be entitled to afterward?

*Talbot.* I see my death is a blessing you wish to enjoy before it arrives; but you must pardon me if I take pains to deprive you of it as long as possible, and ——

*Edward.* You shock me, sir.

*Talbot.* Don't interrupt me; and your title to any of the money I may leave will depend on something very different from unfilial anticipations of my death.

*Edward.* But, father, do not so cruelly misunderstand me.

*Talbot.* Not another word; you leave for the city this afternoon, to enter upon your duties as clerk in my office.

*Edward.* In this I cannot obey you.

*Talbot.* Then you can no longer be my son. (*Rising.*) I leave you to consider the meaning of these words. Pause, young man; you are on the brink of a precipice; one step forward and you are destroyed. (*Goes into the house.*)

*Edward (alone).* He is in dead earnest, and I must choose between money and merchandise on one side, and poverty and art on the other. Under happier circumstances the choice would be more difficult to make; but

there is another person quite as unkind in her way as father. Why should I linger here? Then away with regret, and let hope beckon me on to fame. (*Sits down lost in thought.*)

(*Enter Charlotte and Ellen.*)

*Charlotte.* Asleep again! I declare, he is as bad as the fat boy in Pickwick.

*Ellen.* I will leave you here to rouse him, while I go in and get the book your mother wants. (*Goes into house; Charlotte sits down.*)

*Edward.* Your mother! I declare, I forgot her.

*Charlotte.* Ungallant, to be sure; but as you are not often guilty, I will forgive you this time.

*Edward.* Since you are in a merciful humor, I will ask you to forgive all other offenses I may have committed against you.

*Charlotte.* That is a modest request, I must say. But, good gracious! how dismal you look! (*Peers in his face.*)

*Edward.* My looks are like my feelings.

*Charlotte.* Then I am sorry for your feelings.

*Edward.* I didn't know that you cared for either me or my feelings.

*Charlotte.* Didn't you?

*Edward.* Do you really care for my feelings?

*Charlotte.* I have some regard for their personal appearance.

*Edward.* What do you mean?

*Charlotte.* A moment ago you said that you looked like them, and I thought if that was the case, they lacked beauty.

*Edward.* Trifling with me, as usual. I am in no humor for jesting.

*Charlotte.* And I always like a joke.

*Edward.* And you could not resist making one on your favorite subject, my feelings.

*Charlotte.* Dear me, what awkward things they are! They are always in one's way.

*Edward.* Well, then, you will be glad to know that I am going away, and, alas! I must take my feelings with me.

*Charlotte.* Poor things! How lonesome they will be with such a companion!

*Edward.* Ah, Charlotte! How lonesome he will be with them! I meant to say something else, but I cannot (*rising to go*). Farewell! (*Holds out his hand.*)

*Charlotte* (*putting one hand over her eyes and pretending to weep, and holding out the other*). Boo! hoo! Good bye-i-i!

*Edward.* Heartless girl! (*Goes off.*)

*Charlotte* (*looking after him in astonishment*). What can be the matter with him?

(*Enter Ellen, with book.*)



*Ellen.* Here, Lotty, is your "Sorrows of Werther."

*Charlotte* (*pointing to where Edward went off*). And if I am not much mistaken, there goes Werther himself.

*Ellen.* Who? Edward, do you mean? What makes you say that?

*Charlotte.* He has just bid me good bye in the most doleful manner.

*Ellen.* That is very extraordinary.

(*Enter Talbot.*)

*Talbot.* Ah, Lotty, you here!

*Charlotte.* Yes; ma sent me over for Edward; but instead of coming with me, he has bid me good bye.

*Talbot.* He has bid good bye to more than you; he has taken leave of his senses.

*Ellen.* What do do mean, pa?

*Talbot.* Henshaw will explain. Come with me, Lotty; I have a bone to pick with your mother.

*Charlotte.* All right; it is near lunch time. Good day, Ellen. (*They go off.*)

*Ellen.* Henshaw will explain! Then he is arrived. How provoking! Why did he not tell me sooner? I must find him. (*Turns to go. Enter Henshaw.*)

*Henshaw.* Ah, Ellen! It seems an age since I saw you last.

*Ellen.* It is only a week.

*Henshaw.* Only a week! But it seems you count the days.

*Ellen.* If I didn't how could I know their names? I would not be able to tell Wednesday from Thursday.

*Henshaw.* Come now, no prevarication. Own up; you do think of me occasionally?

*Ellen.* Yes, now and then.

*Henshaw.* Now and then! Just see the difference; I think of you every day.

*Ellen.* What do you say to every hour?

*Henshaw.* And do you really? (*Takes her hand.*)

*Ellen.* You are too inquisitive; that is my prerogative, being the woman in the case.

*Henshaw.* And this is mine (*kisses her*), being the man.

*Ellen.* For shame, you naughty fellow! Have you no more modesty?

*Henshaw.* Yes, a few more. (*Kisses her again.*)

*Ellen.* If you don't stop, I will call for my big brother.

*Henshaw.* He is just the man I was thinking about.

*Ellen.* Poor Edward! And I have been forgetting him all this time! Something has happened between him and pa, and he referred me to you for an explanation.

*Henshaw.* Well, you see, it is the old story: unbusiness-like habits, aggravated by a flagrant case of neglect. The other day, your father, wishing to buy a certain stock, gave him a telegram to send to me, instructing me to make the purchase. Edward failed to send the telegram; the stock went up, and your father missed the opportunity of making about five thousand dollars. Smarting under his loss, he upbraided Edward for the neglect.

*Ellen.* But, as I understand you, pa did not actually lose any money.

*Henshaw.* No, but he lost the chance of gaining some; and

The most loved dollars lost by men  
Are those dear ones they fail to gain.

*Ellen.* You seem to make light of it, considering how much Edward has taken it to heart.

*Henshaw.* I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is, when I am with you I feel so happy that nothing depresses me.

*Ellen.* Flatterer!

*Henshaw.* Do not accuse me of impossibilities.

*Ellen.* I will if you do not go on with your story.

*Henshaw.* It has not a pleasant ending.

*Ellen.* You begin to alarm me; has anything serious happened?

*Henshaw.* Some other time; here comes Mrs. Ramsey. I will go and finish some letters I have begun. (*Goes into house.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Ramsey.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Well, Ellen, my dear, what have you done with my daughter. I sent her for Edward and have not seen her since, although she ought to have been back long ago.

*Ellen.* That's strange! She left here with pa to go to your house.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I don't see how I could have missed them. I suppose Lotty has taken him some of her roundabout tramps through the woods.

*Ellen.* Very likely.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* But where is Edward? Surely Lotty did not deliver her message!

*Ellen.* Oh, yes, she did; I heard her.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Then I wonder why he did not come. We have been talking about the Nydia for a month.

*Ellen.* Something has gone wrong between him and pa.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I see, and your father was coming over to consult me about it.

*Ellen.* Here he comes; he can speak for himself; and now I will run in and try and

find Edward for you. (*Goes into house. Enter Talbot.*)

*Talbot.* Good day, Mrs. Ramsey! you are the very person I want to see; I have just come from your house.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Did you see my Nydia?

*Talbot.* No, madame, I did not; real flesh-and-blood people are the only ones who interest me. I care nothing for marble representations of imaginary ones.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I should have known better than to ask you the question. You care nothing for art.

*Talbot.* I hate the very sound of the word. It has turned my son's head.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* You should rejoice that your son has such æsthetic tastes.

*Talbot.* I do not rejoice, madame, in anything that encourages idleness and neglect of business, and I wish that you would no longer help to fill his head with such stupidities.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* My dear sir, your observations are more emphatic than polite.

*Talbot.* Their truth must make up for their other deficiencies.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Then, sir, they are indeed defenseless, for the studies in which your son engages are not stupidities, and I am only too

happy to think I have it in my power to encourage him.

*Talbot.* Is it a friendly part, madame, to bring discord between father and son?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Oh, if you put it on that ground, I have nothing further to say.

*Talbot.* Well, madame, it has indeed reached that point; for I have this morning commanded my son to abandon art, as you and he call it, and devote himself to business like his father before him.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Why not make a business of art?

*Talbot.* There you go again. I tell you as I told him, that if he cannot stop this infernal clack about art, he must leave my house.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* You will have no occasion to tell me that again, sir. (*Turns to go off; Talbot follows her.*)

*Talbot.* Stay, madame, I beg; you have misunderstood me. (*She turns round.*) What I intended to say was that I would communicate to you a remark I made to him, and not that I would apply to you the command I gave him.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* We are old neighbors, Mr. Talbot, and I am willing to believe you meant no offense.

(*Enter Charlotte.*)

*Charlotte.* Mother, I have had a fine chase after you.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Well, my dear, you have found me in time to walk home with me.

*Talbot.* I hope, madame, you take away no ill feelings.

*Charlotte.* What! mother, has he been quarreling with you? The male members of the house of Talbot seem to be up in arms to-day. Edward attacked me not long ago.

*Mrs. Ramsay.* If that is the case I think we had better beat a retreat immediately, for it was about him Mr. Talbot and I fell out.

*Charlotte.* We are too late, hostilities are about to begin again. Here comes Edward with his baggage wagon. (*Edward carrying a valise is seen advancing toward them, followed by Ellen.*)

*Talbot.* It is a new mode of attack to begin with the baggage wagons.

*Ellen.* What does this mean, pa?

*Talbot.* It means that your brother has taken a wise resolution. (*To Edward.*) So, sir, you have concluded to obey me?

*Edward.* One part of your command, sir.

*Talbot.* You will not dare! You cannot be so bereft of reason!

*Edward.* I must answer yes and no in order to meet our different understandings of the word.

*Talbot.* Don't bandy words with me, sir; speak out.

*Ellen.* Pa, dear, don't be so harsh with him.

*Mrs. Ramsay.* Let me entreat you, sir!

*Talbot.* Will you all be quiet and let him answer?

*Edward.* You remember, sir, you gave me the choice of renouncing the cherished ambition of my life or leaving your house. I have chosen the latter alternative, and have come to say good bye and ask your blessing before I go.

*Talbot.* Go to the devil! (*Goes off in a rage.*)

*Edward.* Good bye, Ellen. (*Goes off quickly.*)

*Ellen.* (*Running after him.*) Edward! Edward! Don't go! Don't go!

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

(*Room in Mr. Talbot's house, Ellen at window looking out. Comes from it.*)

*Ellen.* I can see nothing of him. I feel as if I wanted to fly out of myself. Oh! why don't he hurry? Poor Edward! To think



that pa could be so cruel! What can keep Gilbert?

(*Goes to window again. Enter Henshaw. Ellen turns round and says:.*) What news? Did you overtake him?

*Henshaw.* Yes, but I have accomplished very little.

*Ellen.* What did he say?

*Henshaw.* Knowing your father's inflexible temper, he has no hope that he will ever change his mind.

*Ellen.* But why does he not yield to pa's wishes?

*Henshaw.* He says he would if your father really needed his services, but that such is not the case, and that he sees no reason why he should make himself unhappy merely to gratify a tyrannical command.

*Ellen.* Does he not see that he is as stubborn as pa? Oh! if he would only yield, pa might come round after awhile.

*Henshaw.* I used that and every other argument I could think of, but, to tell the truth, I am inclined to believe that there would be little hope of such a result.

*Ellen.* To be sure, this feeling has been growing gradually between them; it is not a new disagreement, although I never looked for such an overwhelming outburst. Oh, dear!

Oh, dear! What is to be done! What is to be done!

*Henshaw.* It is a very perplexing situation. I have, however, gained a little time for planning. I have persuaded Edward to remain at the station till the last train, in the hope that in the meantime we may make some sort of an arrangement.

*Ellen.* If pa would only relent! But he is so stern, so cruel, when thoroughly aroused by opposition.

*Henshaw.* And then we must not forget that in this case he has just cause for regarding Edward's conduct as senseless disobedience of the most perverse kind.

*Ellen.* I know he considers Edward's conduct as the blackest ingratitude. Oh! what will become of the poor boy away off in a foreign land without money and without friends?

*Henshaw.* While I am alive he will never suffer from actual want. I have saved something from my earnings, and he shall share it with me.

*Ellen.* God bless your dear kind heart!

*Henshaw.* I can never forget the bright boy who, long years ago, pleaded with his father so eloquently for me, when I came to your door a poor lad seeking employment.

*Ellen.* Ah, dear Gilbert, you have paid that debt of gratitude over and over again.

*Henshaw.* Can I ever do enough for your brother? Does not his sister's love more than repay me?

*Ellen.* Dear Gilbert, that was a gift which could not be withheld. But while we are talking about ourselves, we are forgetting Edward. Take me to him, and I will try what I can do to persuade him to return. (*They go toward door. Enter Charlotte, who stops them.*)

*Charlotte.* Where are you going? Any news from Edward? Ma has sent me over thinking there might be a lull in the storm, to get the latest advices from the scene of devastation.

*Ellen.* Ah, Lotty! Lotty! How can you make fun of such a calamity?

*Charlotte.* Good gracious! You don't expect me to go into mourning because your father and brother have quarreled?

*Henshaw.* Miss Ramsey, I am afraid it is more serious than you apprehend.

*Ellen.* Ah! yes, Lotty, it is almost a tragedy.

*Charlotte.* But you have not answered my question. Where are you going?

*Ellen.* We are going after Edward.

*Charlotte.* Where is he?

*Henshaw.* He is at the station. I have persuaded him to remain till night. While we are gone, you can use your influence with Mr. Talbot, to heal up the quarrel.

*Ellen.* Yes, stay here and try and persuade pa to relent. (*They go out.*)

*Charlotte.* Try and persuade pa to relent! Try and persuade a negro to turn white, why didn't she say? If he wished to, he is so made that he couldn't. It is an interesting position, to be sure! They fly to console the lamb while I am left to pull the claws of the lion. In his own den, too! (*Talbot heard outside.*) There! I hear his roar.

(*Enter Talbot, who is calling out.*)

*Talbot.* Henshaw! Where are you?

*Charlotte.* I am here, but I am not Henshaw.

*Talbot.* Ah, Lotty, it's you! Excuse me, I am busy. (*Turns to go out.*)

*Charlotte.* Stay, Mr. Talbot, I want to say a word to you.

*Talbot (brusquely).* Well, say on.

*Charlotte.* Don't snap my head off, or I won't be able to say anything.

*Talbot.* Girl, what have you to say that can possibly interest me just now?

*Charlotte.* Oh! if you don't want to hear my news, you needn't listen.

*Talbot.* News, child! Has he sent any message by you?

*Charlotte.* Yes.

*Talbot.* What was it? Speak quick.

*Charlotte.* He wanted me to try and persuade you to relent.

*Talbot.* He knows my terms; instant obedience.

*Charlotte.* I did not know that he ever disobeyed you.

*Talbot.* For the last year he has done nothing else, and your mother is to blame for it.

*Charlotte.* That's queer! Mother hardly ever sees him.

*Talbot (in a rage).* That is a little too much! Surely the devil has entered into this family.

*Charlotte.* Is he in the room now, sir?

*Talbot.* If he is not, one of his emissaries is. What do you mean by telling me that your mother hardly ever sees Edward?

*Charlotte.* Oh! you thought I meant Edward?

*Talbot.* And, pray, who did you mean?

*Charlotte.* Mr. Henshaw, to be sure. You asked for him when you came in.

*Talbot.* Child, you ought to know better than to trifle with my feelings in that way.  
(*Goes out.*)

*Charlotte.* When it came to the point I could not do it; the words stuck in my throat. I could not bring myself to plead for Edward at all. What does it mean? Am I — (*Looks round inquiringly.*) Is there anyone listening? Am I in love with him? Well! Well! Well!

(*Enter Harry Smith.*)

*Smith.* Well! Well! Well! That is just what I say.

*Charlotte.* Good gracious! Have you been listening?

*Smith.* Don't be alarmed; I only heard "Well! Well! Well!" But where is the fellow you were talking to?

*Charlotte.* He is here. (*Smith looks round room.*)

*Smith.* I don't see him. Is he hid in a closet?

*Charlotte.* That is the way they do in the theater, but not the way my friends do. I have just had an interview with Mr. Talbot, and in thinking it over I was muttering to myself.

*Smith.* Then if there is no rival within hearing, I will proceed with what I have to say. But in the first place, are you not surprised to see me?

*Charlotte.* Not a bit of it. That faculty of my mind has had so much exercise this morn-

ing that it is no longer capable of another effort. It is entirely exhausted.

*Smith.* Well, then, to pitch right into the middle of things, I have seen him.

*Charlotte.* Edward, you mean?

*Smith.* Yes.

*Charlotte.* And so you know what has happened.

*Smith.* Yes, everything.

*Charlotte.* What do you think? Is there any hope of his coming back?

*Smith.* Not the slightest.

*Charlotte.* You think he has fully made up his mind?

*Smith.* Beyond recall. He has headed for Rome, and he will go there if he has to work his passage.

*Charlotte.* It will come hard on him, for he has been delicately brought up.

*Smith.* I have agreed to lend him money.

*Charlotte.* That is kind in you.

*Smith.* I don't want to claim any more virtue than I am entitled to. I am so glad he is going away that I am quite willing to speed him on his journey.

*Charlotte.* Won't you miss him? I thought you were such great friends.

*Smith.* Certainly I shall; and before I have finished my story you will be more than ever convinced that we are great friends.

*Charlotte.* I am glad to hear it.

*Smith.* Now then, to begin the real business of my interview. What do you suppose I am here for?

*Charlotte.* That is a conundrum you will have to answer for me.

*Smith.* Well, then, you must know that Ed. and I have had a long talk about you.

*Charlotte.* I suppose you found the topic agreeable.

*Smith.* I did; but not so agreeable as I find the original.

*Charlotte.* Can't you skip the hard words?

*Smith.* But poor Ed., although he found the subject interesting, was not so cheered by it as I was.

*Charlotte.* Indeed! And, pray, what more reason have you than Edward for finding me a cheerful subject?

*Smith.* Come now, Lotty, you know that Ed. and I have both been after you for a long while.

*Charlotte.* And, let me ask, how did your wisdom suppose I knew that you and Ed. were after me, as you call it, whatever that may happen to be?

*Smith.* Every girl knows when a fellow is spoony on her, and you are about as cute as they make them.



*Charlotte.* And so you have left your business, and come up from the city to tell me that I knew that you and Edward have been after me for a long while ?

*Smith.* Come now, Lotty, don't be too hard on a fellow. I was on my way out West, when, looking out of the car window at the station down here, I saw poor Ed. with a valise in his hand ; he appeared very glum, and I thought I would get out and speak to him.

*Charlotte.* Do you know the moral of your little story ?

*Smith.* What do you mean ?

*Charlotte.* Don't look out of car windows.

*Smith.* I am glad I did, for I think it was the turning point of my existence.

*Charlotte.* Your simile is hardly appropriate ; a window is too flat to be a point ; but if it turned I suppose it was a revolving light.

*Smith.* If you are so critical, let me compare it to a magic glass, in which I saw my fate.

*Charlotte.* Have you not taken a glass too much ? You grow incoherent.

*Smith.* How can a fellow help it when you interrupt all the time ? When I got out, Ed. told me all about the row with his father, and about you, and how he had lost all chance of ever getting you, and that he resigned you in my favor, according to our agreement.

*Charlotte.* He resigned me according to your agreement !

*Smith.* Yes, as I was going on to tell you, when you stopped me to make fun of me, Ed. and I both fell in love with you a long time ago, and the question was who should have the first chance to get you ; so what did we do but draw lots for it, and he won. And now he says that he has given up all hope, and that I may step in.

*Charlotte.* And I suppose I am to understand that you are stepping in now.

*Smith.* Now you are helping a fellow along ; that's it, exactly. What do you say ?

*Charlotte (aside).* There is something noble in this simplicity ; it touches me. (*Aloud.*) You take me by surprise ; I am not prepared with an answer, but I will say this much, I thank you for your friendly feelings toward me, and there is my hand on it.

*Smith (taking her hand.)* If you could find it in your heart to love me, I would be the happiest fellow alive, but I will try and bear my fate like a man, whatever it may be. (*Kisses her hand.*) God bless you, and good bye for the present. I promised to report to Ed. I will be back for an answer before I take the train this evening. (*Goes out.*)

*Charlotte.* Oh, dear ! I am afraid I am be-

ginning to learn too late what it is to love. That Harry Smith is not a bad fellow ; he is coming back for an answer. I must retire for a little quiet meditation. I will be interrupted here. (*Goes out L. Enter Talbot R.*)

*Talbot.* Thank goodness that girl has gone ! I wonder where Ellen and Henshaw can be. They are not in any part of the house. I am impatient to communicate my new plans to them. I must forget that boy, and the sooner I have established things on the new footing the better able I will be to do so. The heartless, ungrateful puppy ! aided and abetted by that woman, too.

(*Enter Mrs. R.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Mr. Talbot, where is my daughter ?

*Talbot (sternly).* Mrs. Ramsey, where is my son ?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* My dear sir, how should I know ? I sent my daughter over for news of him, but I felt so anxious and uneasy that I could not wait for her return.

*Talbot.* Well may you feel anxious about him ! He was a nice, promising youth till you got hold of him, and now see what you have made of him !

*Mrs. Ramsey.* What I have made of him !

*Talbot.* Yes, madame ; you have made him

a wanderer and a vagabond upon the face of the earth.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* My dear sir!

*Talbot.* Don't dear sir me, madame; I am not your dear sir, nor your dear anything. I hate the sight of you.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Control yourself, sir; it is absurd to blame me for the consequences of your own unjust severity.

*Talbot.* Oh! this is too much. You not only rob me of my son, but you have the effrontery to upbraid me with it as if it were not the result of your vile teachings.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I forgive your language in view of your condition; you seem to be in a state bordering on frenzy, but I cannot let the imputation pass without denial. I have taught him nothing that is vile. I have only sympathized with his artistic tastes, and encouraged the natural bent of his mind.

*Talbot.* Your own words condemn you, madame, for you knew all the time that I utterly abominated such namby-pamby doings; business, madame, men's work, was what I designed him for.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* You see how futile it was, sir, for he took as naturally to art as an eagle to the air, spurning the groveling pursuits you allude to.

*Talbot* (*advancing toward her in a threatening manner*). Look here, madame, you are a woman, but if you say much more I will not be able to keep my hands off you.

*Mrs. Ramsey*. Enough, sir, I will consult my personal safety by leaving you. (*Goes out.*)

*Talbot* (*walking up and down the room excitedly*). Curse her impudence to beard me in my own house! She actually seemed to rejoice in the mischief she has done. (*Enter Henshaw and Ellen.*)

*Ellen*. What have you done to Mrs. Ramsey, pa?

*Talbot*. Don't mention the woman's name. Where have you been? I have been looking all over the house for you.

*Henshaw*. We took a walk as far as the station.

*Talbot*. I don't want you to leave for the city till to-morrow, so there is no occasion to go to the station.

*Ellen*. Pa, you must know why we went there.

*Talbot*. I don't see the necessity.

*Henshaw*. The topic is a painful one, but we cannot ignore it.

*Ellen*. Yes, pa, you know we went to see Edward.

*Talbot.* He is no longer my son, and I do not choose to speak of him.

*Ellen.* Ah, pa, he is my brother, and I must speak of him ; must plead with you for him.

*Henshaw.* Surely, sir, you have not driven him from your mind as well as your house.

*Talbot.* I have driven him from my mind, but he drove himself from my house.

*Henshaw.* Far be it from me to attempt to justify a son's disobedience to a father, but surely in a father's heart there is some pity for an erring son.

*Ellen.* Ah, yes, pa, relent a little toward poor Edward.

*Talbot.* Never, if by that you mean that I shall surrender my volition to his.

*Henshaw.* I see no way out of this painful embarrassment unless you do, sir.

*Talbot.* Who is embarrassed? I am not.

*Ellen.* But Edward, pa.

*Talbot.* Oh, he is embarrassed, is he?

*Ellen.* How cruel it sounds to hear you talk so. You know how hard it will be for him if you leave him alone to—to——(*weeps*).

*Talbot.* Starve! Let him die in a ditch if he prefers it. I have offered him wealth and position in the world, and he has spurned them.

*Henshaw.* My dear sir, this is awful!

*Talbot.* I did not introduce the subject.

*Henshaw.* But it is your son we are talking about.

*Talbot.* I tell you he is no longer my son. For him I toiled and struggled; I acquired wealth; I made a name; I expected him to succeed to that wealth and that name, and to follow in the footsteps of his father; but it was not to be; it was the idle dream of an old man, and has vanished never to return.

*Ellen.* Oh! this is too dreadful.

*Talbot.* Talk no more of the past; let us look only to the future; now listen to my plans.

*Ellen.* Pa, I must speak about Edward.

*Talbot.* Then you must find another listener, for I tell you I will hear no more of him.

*Ellen.* But, pa.

*Talbot.* Silence! and pay attention to me. I have no doubt you will find what I am going to say interesting; I have lost one son to-day, but I have made arrangements to get another.

*Ellen.* What do you mean, pa?

*Talbot.* Keep still and I will tell you; but before I say any more about it, I want to ask Henshaw a few questions; and first, How long have you been with me, Gilbert?

*Henshaw.* Twelve years.

*Talbot.* How many times during that period

have you failed to make your appearance at the office on business days?

*Henshaw.* I have not kept a record, sir.

*Talbot.* But I have; during those twelve years you have been away twelve days in all.

*Henshaw.* An average of one day in the year.

*Talbot.* Not a bad record. Yes, Gilbert, for twelve years you have faithfully and cheerfully served me, never sparing yourself nor complaining, and I think I can truly say that I have never lost a dollar by any act or omission of yours. It is a splendid record, and you may well be proud of it, and when you are my son I will be proud of it too.

*Henshaw (looking to Ellen).* What do I hear? Can I believe my ears?

*Ellen.* Oh, Gilbert! Pa consents to our marriage.

*Talbot.* I do, because he is now rich, and will be able to support a wife.

*Henshaw.* I am at a loss to understand you, sir. My savings amount to something; but Ellen knows that I cannot now count on them as formerly. (*Aside to Ellen.*) Edward, you know.

*Talbot.* It is not a question of your savings, but of my estate. I have written to my lawyer to alter my will, and insert in it Gil-



bert wherever Edward occurred in the old one.

*Henshaw.* If I understand, you intend to give me Edward's portion of your estate.

*Talbot.* Exactly.

*Ellen (kisses her father).* Thank you, dear pa.

*Henshaw (looks at her, astonished).* Ellen, do you really wish me to accept this? (*Ellen goes aside; beckons him to her.*)

*Ellen (aside to Henshaw).* Don't thwart him; agree to it. I will give Edward my share.

*Talbot.* What's all that whispering about? Don't you think Gilbert Talbot will sound as well as Gilbert Henshaw?

*Henshaw.* I don't gather your meaning, sir.

*Talbot.* Don't you see that if I alter the will by putting Gilbert where Edward was, it will read Gilbert Talbot instead of Edward Talbot?

*Henshaw.* I am to understand, then, that as a condition of accepting your bounty, I am to change my name from Henshaw to Talbot?

*Talbot.* Certainly; I wish the business to be carried on in the old name, and in giving it to you I feel that I am intrusting it to one who will never dishonor it.

*Henshaw.* Sir, I am bound to you and your

family by every sentiment that can influence the human heart—the most endearing recollections, the fondest anticipations; memory and hope alike importune me to yield to your request, and if I resist their power, it is in obedience to the very sentiment which impels you to ask my compliance with your wish, a just pride in an honorable name. It is the only inheritance my father left me, and respect for his memory forbids me to sell it.

*Talbot.* What's in the wind now? Has the devil got into you, too?

*Ellen.* Pa, don't let us talk any more about it at present. Give Gilbert time to think over your offer.

*Talbot.* Not another minute; now or never.

*Henshaw.* My dear sir, the events of the day have upset us all; in another frame of mind you might regret this thing you are now urging upon me.

*Talbot.* I see where the shoe pinches; you have taken sides with Edward against me.

*Ellen.* Dear pa, Gilbert is not taking sides against you. Is it likely, when he says it is respect for his father's memory which prevents him from complying with your request?

*Talbot.* If he will say that it is only respect for his father's memory which makes him refuse, I will change my will again, and put Henshaw where Talbot is.

*Henshaw.* I repeat, I do not think I would show respect for my father's memory by betraying a friend.

*Talbot.* Enough, sir. You know where your friend is, follow him. I have no further need of you.

*(He leaves the room, and Ellen and Henshaw look at each other, dumb with wonder.)*

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

*(Room in Mrs. Ramsey's house; Mrs. Ramsey alone.)*

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I hope John will find him at the station; yes, the more I think of it, the better I like it. To be sure, it will give that furious old creature some color for his remark that I have robbed him of his son; but if Edward is a sensible young man he will thank me for the theft. *(Enter Charlotte.)* My dear, I am glad to see you alive; I began to be apprehensive for your safety.

*Charlotte.* Why, mother, what was my danger?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Well, you see, I went over to the Talbots to learn what kept you, and I found the old gentleman pacing up and down

the room like a caged tiger, and my word for it, he flew at me as savagely as any inmate of a menagerie, I can assure you ; I am glad that I escaped with my life.

*Charlotte.* He was pretty cross when I was there ; the day's doings have almost made him wild. I have heard from Edward.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Well, what was it ?

*Charlotte.* He sent me a message, or rather, Harry Smith gave me an account of an interview he had with him.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Harry Smith ! What brought him here ?

*Charlotte.* The cars.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I didn't suppose he walked, miss.

*Charlotte.* Forgive me, ma, but the cars brought him in a peculiar sense ; that is, it was not the cars exactly, but a car window that brought him.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I begin to think that old Talbot has frightened you out of your wits. What nonsense are you talking, child ?

*Charlotte.* This is it ; Harry Smith was going West, and while the train was stopping at the station, he looked out of the car window and saw Edward, and he got out to speak to him ; and what Edward told him made him come to me. By the way, ma, Edward is not going till night.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I am glad of it, for I have sent John with a note to the station to give to Edward if he is there. I want to see him before he goes, if possible.

*Charlotte.* I wonder if he will come.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I hope so; but go on with your story.

*Charlotte.* Well, it was a queer story. (Stops.)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Dear me, girl, why do you keep me waiting? Out with it.

*Charlotte.* What do you say to my having an offer?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* It will depend on what the offer was.

*Charlotte.* The word has only one meaning with us young ladies.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Oh, I see! Mr. Smith has proposed to you. I am glad of it; he is a very nice young man.

*Charlotte.* So you would give your consent?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Certainly; I hope you have given yours.

*Charlotte.* Well, I have not refused him, and he is coming back for an answer before he goes away.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Of course you will put his mind at rest when he returns. His offer comes very opportunely for a plan of mine.

*Charlotte.* How can it possibly affect any plan of yours ?

*Mrs. Ramsey* (*not heeding her*). Yes, yes ; I can now leave you without any anxiety, since you are so well provided for.

*Charlotte.* Where are you going ?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* To Italy.

*Charlotte.* To Italy, ma !

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I shall accompany Edward.

*Charlotte.* You take away my breath !

*Mrs. Ramsey.* His genius must be encouraged.

*Charlotte.* Mother, you are art mad. Besides, you are not old enough to travel about the world alone with a young man like Edward.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I shall go as his wife.

*Charlotte.* Great heavens, mother ! Have you no shame ?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* My motive will prevent any blush from staining my cheek. I wish to present a great genius to the world.

*Charlotte.* But, ma, are you sure it will be a great genius ; it may be only a girl.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Who ought to be ashamed now, miss ? What I mean is that by marrying Edward I can help him to pursue his studies, for your father's will gives me half his estate absolutely if I marry again.

*Charlotte.* And so you hand me over to Harry Smith, whether I want him or not, in order that you may run away with my old playmate! I declare, I don't know which is the worst, you or old Mr. Talbot.

*(Enter Edward; Charlotte leaves room hurriedly.)*

*Edward.* I received your note, madame, and here I am. Lotty seems anxious to avoid me.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* She is a little flustered just now. She has been telling me of an offer of marriage she has received from an old friend of yours.

*Edward.* You refer to Harry Smith, I suppose.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Oh! then he has told you about it.

*Edward.* I knew that he went to see your daughter for that purpose; but I have not heard from him since.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Then you don't know her answer.

*Edward.* No; what was it?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* She gave him encouragement.

*Edward.* I expected as much. I hope she will be happy.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* There can be no doubt of it.

I only wish, my dear young friend, that you were as fortunate.

*Edward.* I am afraid that good fortune and I have shaken hands for a final separation.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Cheer up, I will always be your friend.

*Edward.* Dear madame, you have given me every reason to believe it.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I have always sympathized with you, and encouraged you in your laudable ambition.

*Edward.* You have indeed.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* And you have found my sympathy a stimulant to your exertions?

*Edward.* Without it I would have given up in despair long ago.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* It would be agreeable to have it always, would it not?

*Edward.* Ah, madame, why suggest to me what I shall miss when away from you in a foreign land?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Why be away from me in a foreign land?

*Edward.* And did you send for me to persuade me to abandon my resolve? Has my father influenced you to this?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* You can judge by my answer. I ask you to take me with you.

*Edward.* Take you with me! How can I take you with me?



*Mrs. Ramsey.* As your wife.

*Edward.* As my wife! You are ill, madame, let me call your daughter. (*Is going to door when Mrs. R.:*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Stop! Stop! There is nothing the matter with me.

*Edward.* Then there must be something the matter with me; I thought I heard you ask me to marry you!

*Mrs. Ramsey (aside).* This is rather mortifying. (*Aloud.*) There is not much ails you except a little obtuseness of perception. Don't be alarmed. I will not try to run away with you. I have not fallen in love with you.

*Edward.* What can I say, madame? The suddenness of such an unexpected proposition; in short, I—I——

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Was thinking of my daughter; I am sorry she has been spoken for.

*Edward.* Great God, madame! Why this cruelty? My father drives me from his house, my friend robs me of the girl I love, and you, her mother, from whom I had every reason to expect kindness, taunt me with it! There must be potency in a father's curse. (*Walks up and down room in great agitation.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Edward, I am shocked; I did not know your feelings were so deeply interested in my daughter.

*Edward.* Where have been your eyes all these years back?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I have, indeed, been blind.

*Edward.* And I, like a fool, thought I could give her up to my friend with the tranquillity of a philosopher!

*Mrs. Ramsey.* But why did you give her up to your friend?

*Edward.* Because I knew I had no chance of getting her myself.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Did you ever ask her to marry you?

*Edward.* (*Stops walking, and stands looking at Mrs. Ramsey as if struck by an unexpected idea.*) Idiot that I am! It never occurred to me to do so.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* The most amazing piece of folly I ever listened to!

*Edward.* You know they say one cannot be in love and wise at the same time.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* You are undoubtedly a case in point. What could have been the matter with you?

*Edward.* I suppose my admiration for her raised her so far above me that I never thought I could reach her, and my feeling toward her is something like that of a child who cries for the moon.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* She is a moon, however, that

I will pluck from this imaginary sky of yours and give to you, if I can.

*Edward.* Then you have no — no ——

*Mrs. Ramsey.* No designs on you myself. I merely wished to marry you in order to give you the means of pursuing your studies.

*(Charlotte looks in at door unobserved by them.)*

*Edward.* Dear madame, how can I thank you enough? *(Charlotte retires with an expression of dismay.)* But we forget; it is too late, she is engaged to another.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Not absolutely; she told me that Mr. Smith was to return for a final answer before he went away; I will constrain her to answer no.

*Edward.* Of what use will it be if she loves him and refuses me?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* We can do no more; it will at least give you an opportunity to propose to her.

*Edward.* Well, I will go back to the station. Henshaw will probably be there looking for me. *(Goes out.)*

*Mrs. Ramsey.* And now I must find Charlotte. *(Goes out. Enter Charlotte.)*

*Charlotte.* Ma has a fondness for art with a vengeance! Yes, there is a great deal of art about her. To think that I have been acquainted with her so long and not found her

out till to-day! What is the world coming to when you can't leave your mother for half an hour without finding on your return that she has agreed to elope with your playmate! The earth must be revolving with unusual rapidity to make these old folks so giddy. Oh, dear! I could cry if I did not feel so much like laughing. And that great booby, Edward, too! He is making a nice day's work of it! Not content with running away from his father, he must needs take my mother with him, to say nothing of sending me a husband before he starts! Perhaps he thought he might as well provide for the whole family while he was about it. Little did I think he had designs on my mother when he bid me good bye this morning. No wonder he looked solemn. I have no doubt his conscience was troubling him, knowing how soon he was to make me an orphan. But he shall not deprive me of my mother without a struggle. I will go and consult Ellen about it. (*Goes toward door. Enter Mrs. Ramsey.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Stop, Lotty; where are you going?

*Charlotte (turning round).* I am not going to Italy, ma. Harry and I prefer to spend our honeymoon quietly at home.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Sit down; I want to speak to you about Mr. Smith. I have changed my mind; I do not wish you to marry him.

*Charlotte.* I see; you want to propose to him yourself. You have turned Mormon; you are directing your attention to theology as well as art, and are going to Rome by the way of Salt Lake City. Go west, young woman, go west.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Stop your nonsense, child, and listen to me; we have no time to lose.

*Charlotte.* You evidently think so, to judge by the use you have made of yours in the last few hours. Two husbands in one day! "Insatiate" mother, "would not one suffice?" But as you say, I have no time to lose, and I must hurry. (*Turns to go.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Why, child, what are you going to do at the Talbots'?

*Charlotte (turning round).* I have not fully made up my mind; perhaps I shall marry old Mr. Talbot before I get back. (*Goes out.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* She is evidently much piqued because she thinks I am going to marry Edward. I am glad to believe it, for I think it augurs well for him. Her indifference to him may be all a pretense.

(*Enter Edward and Smith.*)

*Edward.* I met Mr. Smith on his way here

and as I am interested in the object of his visit, I thought I would return with him.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I am in a measure prepared for your call, Mr. Smith.

*Smith.* Then your daughter has informed you of what passed between us this morning.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Yes; that is, she told me that you had made her an offer of marriage.

*Smith.* I have just been telling Ed., and he has made to me the most astounding proposition.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* What is it?

*Smith.* He actually wants me to take back my offer.

*Edward.* No, no, Harry; you state it a little too strongly. I merely wish you to let your offer remain in abeyance for a while.

*Smith.* And in the meantime he proposes to press his own suit. In other words, while I am lying still he intends to cut me out if he can. It is the coolest thing I ever heard of. It has a shiver from the north pole in it.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* And why not wait a little, Mr. Smith?

*Smith.* And can you really advocate such treatment of your own daughter? I am glad that my honor, as well as my inclination, forbids me to be guilty of it.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* But if my daughter should release you, what then?

*Edward.* Yes, Harry, what then?

*Smith.* And, pray, who will dare to ask her to release me? Show me the person.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* There is no occasion for bluster, Mr. Smith; I will do it myself.

*Smith.* Madame, you are her mother, and may forbid her to marry me if you please; but you have no right to ask her to release me; for in so doing you will convey to her the impression that I wish to be released, which is not the case.

*Edward.* Remember our bargain, Harry.

*Smith.* I do remember it, and you can't say that I have not lived up to it.

*Edward.* I don't deny it, Harry.

*Smith.* Then what more do you want?

*Edward (taking his hand with emotion).* Harry, old boy, my heart — is breaking. Let up a little on me, won't you?

*Smith.* Look here, Ed., I am human, and therefore I pity you; but being human, I have gone through the same thing you now experience. That choking feeling will go away after awhile; besides, Ed., you have no chance and I have. No, I won't give her up.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I have known you both, young gentlemen, for a long while, and I like you both. I wish I had a daughter for each of you. What is this bargain you have been talking about?

*Smith.* Well, you see Ed. and I both fell in love with Lotty; we told each other, and made a bargain that one of us was to have the first chance to try for her. We drew lots and Ed. won. He has tried and failed; now it is my turn.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* There, I knew I could help you out of the difficulty. Now, Mr. Smith, if I can convince you that Edward has not tried, you will step aside.

*Smith.* I will never go back on my word to your daughter. I shall ask her again for her answer to my question.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Of course, of course; all I ask is, that if I prove to you that Edward has not tried, you will put off asking your question till he does try.

*Smith.* Certainly I will; but you can't prove it, for Ed. admits himself that he has failed.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* We will see; did not Edward's first chance include popping the question, as it is called?

*Smith.* Why, of course.

*Edward.* Hurra! this is glorious!

*Mrs. Ramsey.* And if he has not done that, then he has not taken his chance.

*Smith.* I admit that.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Now, Edward, have you ever asked my daughter to marry you?



*Edward.* Never; like a soldier in a panic, I fled without firing a shot.

*Smith.* What did you mean, then, by telling me this morning that you gave her up?

*Edward.* Alas! what I mean now, that I think she does not love me.

*Smith.* Of course, if you have never asked her, according to our agreement you are entitled to do so; and now that we are both here, why not decide the matter at once? Where is your daughter, madame?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* She has gone to see Miss Talbot.

*Edward.* That is embarrassing, for I can't go there.

*Smith.* I see nothing for it but to wait till she returns.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I will go and tell her that you are waiting. I wish to prepare her mind.

*Smith.* Mrs. Ramsey, honor bright!

*Mrs. Ramsey.* What do you mean?

*Smith.* Don't say anything about releasing me, if you please!

*Mrs. Ramsey.* What a suspicious creature! You need not be alarmed, I shall not mention your name to her. (*Goes out.*)

*Edward.* Harry, you have acted like a trump all through this business.

*Smith.* I am glad you are satisfied; I meant

to do right. While you are waiting, I think I will run down to the station and see if my traps are all safe. They don't keep an extra sharp look out there. (*Goes out.*)

*Edward.* What a day this has been! It seems a year ago since I got up. Expelled from my father's house! Proposed to by Mrs. Ramsey! and now on the point of offering myself to her daughter, after having surrendered her to my friend! My head is in a whirl with such a tornado of events! Where will it all end?

(*Enter Ellen excitedly.*)

*Ellen.* Edward, you must come right home; there is no time to be lost.

*Edward.* What is in the wind now?

*Ellen.* Gilbert and pa have quarreled.

*Edward.* Gilbert and father have quarreled!

*Ellen.* Yes; and you alone can make it up between them.

*Edward.* I like to hear that, I must say! Has he not driven me from his house?

*Ellen.* Strange as it may seem, you only can reconcile them.

*Edward.* If this were any other day I would not believe you; but after all, what you tell me is only in keeping with everything else which is taking place around us. What did they quarrel about?

*Ellen.* About you ; you are the cause of all our misfortunes.

*Edward.* Including my own. I am, indeed, a wretch. But how came they to quarrel about me ?

*Ellen.* Well, you see, after you went away, pa resolved to disinherit you ; so he wrote to his lawyer to change his will.

*Edward.* And yet you tell me that I can pacify his anger against Gilbert !

*Ellen.* Certainly ; because it was about the will the quarrel took place.

*Edward.* Ah ! I might have known it ; Gilbert remonstrated.

*Ellen.* You have to thank him for more than that ; pa wished to adopt Gilbert as his son in your place and put his name in the will instead of yours.

*Edward.* What did Gilbert say ?

*Ellen.* Oh ! Edward, if you could have heard him ! How nobly he spoke ! Pa wanted him to take the name of Talbot. I can't think of all Gilbert said ; but I remember one thing : he declared he would never sell his name to betray a friend.

*Edward.* Noble, true man that he is ! What did father say ?

*Ellen.* He told him to follow his friend. Now, Edward, all his prospects in life depend on you. Will you let him be ruined ?

*Edward.* Never! never! I will go to my father and submit to anything to save him.

END OF ACT III.

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## ACT IV.

*(Mr. Talbot's house. Mr. Talbot seated at a table.)*

*Talbot.* Gilbert gone, too! My right hand man who was to succeed me at the head of my business, and to be the guide of my son! In my rage I have knocked every prop from under my house, and here I am alone in the ruins. *(Rests his elbow on table with his head on his hand. Charlotte appears at C door and stands regarding him for a few moments, then quietly walks up behind and kisses him on the forehead. He looks up at her in surprise.)*

*Charlotte.* Did I startle you? You remember that is the way I used to come up behind you when I was a little girl. You look lonesome. Where is Ellen?

*Talbot.* She has gone out.

*Charlotte.* She will be back soon, I suppose.

*Talbot.* I don't know; perhaps she'll never come back.

*Charlotte.* Maybe she is going to Italy with Edward.

*Talbot.* You make the suggestion very calmly.

*Charlotte.* Oh, yes; I am prepared for anything.

*Talbot.* Henshaw has gone, too.

*Charlotte.* Well, if Ellen don't come back he won't.

*Talbot.* That will not make any difference. He has gone for good.

*Charlotte.* Then farewell to Ellen, for she will never return without him. So they have all gone: Edward, Ellen, Henshaw.

*Talbot.* Yes, yes; all gone, and I am left like an old wreck stranded on the beach.

*Charlotte.* I am a wreck, too, so I will haul up alongside of you. (*Takes a stool and sits down at his feet.*)

*Talbot.* Thank you, my little dear, you feel sorry for a lonely old man. So you are a wreck too?

*Charlotte.* Yes; I went down in the same temper tempest that you did.

*Talbot.* Well may you call it a tempest; it has been blowing a gale all day.

*Charlotte.* And from the same quarter—this house.

*Talbot.* No, no; it was your mother who raised the breeze. But, child, how did you come to be wrecked?

*Charlotte.* Your son——

*Talbot (starting up).* What! The heartless scoundrel!

*Charlotte.* Yes, he has left me stranded on the beach, as you say.

*Talbot (stretching out his hand in great excitement).* Never will I permit it; I will follow him to the ends of the earth, but I will see justice done you.

*Charlotte.* Oh, do! and make him bring ma back.

*Talbot.* Bring back your mother? (*Sits down again.*)

*Charlotte.* Oh, yes! Tell him he may go to Rome and live in the catacombs all his life if he will only bring ma back.

*Talbot.* Surely I have misapprehended you!

*Charlotte.* No, you haven't; he has made me an orphan; he has persuaded ma to marry him and go to Italy with him.

*Talbot.* My son marry your mother!

*Charlotte.* Yes, he wants her money to buy marble to cut his figures out of.

*Talbot.* If he runs away with her, damn me, if he won't cut a figure! One that he will never be able to equal if he should chisel the whole quarry of Carrara.

*Charlotte.* Isn't it a pity marble is so dear?

This never would have happened if you had only given him some of your money.

*Talbot.* Are you simple enough, child, to believe that my son has actually persuaded your mother to elope with him?

*Charlotte.* She told me so herself.

*Talbot.* The old idiot was ashamed to tell you the truth. Now, I understand her fondness for art. She has hoodwinked and made a fool of my son.

*Charlotte.* No, it is your son who has imposed on my mother. She pitied him because you were so cruel to him and he has taken advantage of it to get her money.

*Talbot.* No, no, my child, Edward has succumbed to the arts of your mother.

*Charlotte.* I tell you it is the other way; he has made her believe that he is a Michael Angelo, or something of that sort, and she says when she marries him she will present a great genius to the world.

*Talbot.* When she gets hold of him he will indeed be a spectacle for the edification of mankind; the wild ass of the desert driven by the witch of Endor.

*Charlotte (starting up).* My mother is not a witch.

*Talbot.* She is a vile old hag.

*Charlotte.* Ma is not a hag, but you are an

ogre, and have scared Edward so that he had to run away with her.

*Talbot.* Ah! you admit it. She has taken advantage of him when his mind was weakened by fears of starvation.

*Charlotte (sitting down on the stool again).* Oh dear! Oh dear! Something has gone wrong with her, or she never would desert me, and leave me alone like this. (*Puts her face in her hands and sobs. Mrs. Ramsey appears at C. door and looks on a few moments.*)

*Talbot (looking down at Charlotte).* Poor child, I pity you. She is a silly, designing, heartless old wretch.

*Mrs. Ramsey (coming forward).* And pray, Mr. Talbot, for whom are these compliments intended?

*Talbot (rising and turning to her).* Madame, for whom could they be more appropriate than the lady I now have the honor of addressing? (*Bitterly.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Sir, your rudeness is intolerable. (*Advances to Charlotte.*) My child, what ails you? Come with me.

*Charlotte (sobbing).* Go, go away; don't come near me.

*Talbot.* Yes, out of my house with you! Your deserted child has fled to me for protection.



*Mrs. Ramsey.* Come, Lotty, come out of this bear's den. (*Puts her hand on Charlotte's shoulder, who shakes it off and sobs.*)

*Talbot.* Madame, you have forfeited all claim to her obedience. I am now her only parent.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* . What new freak is this?

*Talbot.* Don't talk to me about freaks. Think of your meditated flight, and let shame overwhelm you.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Can it be possible, Lotty, that you have been so indiscreet?

*Talbot.* Is discretion likely to be hereditary in her case? She has, however, done the wisest thing she could under the circumstances. She has told me all and ——

*Mrs. Ramsey.* If you would listen to me a moment ——

*Talbot.* Will you have the effrontery to deny that ——

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I can explain ——

*Talbot.* Explain treachery! Explain heartless desertion! Explain, indeed! (*In great excitement.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I tell you, you are laboring under a misapprehension and ——

*Talbot.* My time for misapprehending is past, madame. It is all as clear as noonday to me now, and you stand unmasked before me the vile woman that you are.

*Charlotte (sobbing).* Do-o-o-on't, Mr. Talbot. Oh! oh! oh!

*Mrs. Ramsey.* If you have no regard for my feelings, have pity for my child.

*(Enter Edward.)*

*Talbot (to Edward).* Scoundrel! How dare you show your face here?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Talk to him, Edward. Try and pacify him; his violence will kill Lotty.

*Edward.* Father, I have come to obey your commands.

*Talbot.* Liar! Give her up if you want to obey me.

*Edward.* Father! Father! Have mercy! Have mercy!

*Talbot.* Hypocrite! Idiot! Give her up! Give her up, I say! *(At the top of his voice, with increased violence as he proceeds.)*

*Edward.* I cannot! I cannot! Do not ask me to tear my heart out by the roots.

*Talbot (advancing to Edward with outstretched hand and crooked fingers, as if offering to clutch something).* Oh! if I could only do it for you, and put a man's in its place. Great heavens! that I should be cursed with such a son!

*Mrs. Ramsey (to Charlotte).* Come, child. We have got into Bedlam.

*Charlotte (sobbing, without looking up).* Oh! oh! oh!

*Talbot (placing himself between Charlotte and her mother).* She shall not stir a step. Do you think I would trust her with you and that fool a moment? Out of my house, both of you! Go! Go! (*Pointing to the door.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I will not submit to this, madman. Give me my child.

*Talbot.* You will not go? Then, Charlotte, come with me. (*Takes Charlotte by the hand and leads her out of the room. Mrs. Ramsey sinks down in a chair weeping.*)

*Edward (without heeding Mrs. Ramsey).* This conduct can only be accounted for on the theory that he has gone mad. I will find Henshaw, and consult with him about it. (*Goes out.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey (alone).* What have I done to bring this upon me? My proposal to Edward seemed the most natural thing in the world, and my motives were the purest and kindest; but when I mentioned it to him, he seemed to think my mind was wandering, from sudden illness; and when his father hears of it, he becomes frantic with rage at what he considers the wicked intrigue of a designing woman. And yet I had but one idea in making the proposal; I wished to help Edward to pursue his studies. I see it does not do to separate an idea from its material surroundings. In

my enthusiasm I forgot that I was an old woman. Old at fifty! And yet they say that we are immortal. I wonder how old I shall be after living a few millions of years in heaven. This has been a day, to be sure, to make one think of heaven, for it has been a perfect hell upon earth.

*(Enter Ellen, who advances rapidly to Mrs. Ramsey.)*

*Ellen.* My dear Mrs. Ramsey, what can I say to apologize for pa's extraordinary behavior? I have just met Edward, and he has told me of the fearful scene you have gone through. Edward thinks pa's mind is seriously affected.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Oh, your father has had cause to excite him to-day.

*Ellen.* I know; but Edward had come back to yield complete submission to his wishes when pa, in a transport of rage, commands him to give up Lotty, with whom he is deeply in love—a thing, by the way, which I have long suspected.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Still he has some excuse.

*Ellen.* I am sure it is very good in you to say so, but, according to Edward's account, his conduct was unpardonable.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Edward came in at the wrong moment; seeing us together increased

your father's anger. If you knew all, you would not be so surprised.

*Ellen.* That is queer, for this is certainly a day of surprises, and your last remark is not the least of them. What do you refer to?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Something concerning Edward and me, which Lotty told your father.

*Ellen.* How did Lotty get hold of it?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I told her, and she left me in a pet to come and see you.

*Ellen.* I was out.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Oh, if you had only been in, or, better, if she had not gone away in a pet, I would have been spared this mortification.

*Ellen.* I am sorry for your sake that she came, but how could anything that happened between you and Edward put her in a pet, and make her cry, and take part with pa against you, as she appears to have done?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* O dear! I don't see how I can bring myself to tell you! It seemed all right at the time; it has a different look now. I feel ashamed of it. My eyes seem to be suddenly opened. (*Putting her hands to her face.*)

*Ellen.* I should say that they were suddenly shut. This is very extraordinary!

*Mrs. Ramsey.* You see I thought Edward, your brother—— (*Stops, confused.*)

*Ellen.* Well, he is my brother ; there is no harm in thinking that.

*Mrs. Ramsey* (*puts her hands to her face again*). Oh, when I think of it, it seems so ridiculous!

*Ellen.* I can't see anything absurd in his being my brother, considering that we had the same father and mother.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Oh, if you only knew! You wouldn't believe it! you wouldn't believe it!

*Ellen.* I must say, Mrs. Ramsey, that if you have been trying to convince pa that he is not the father of his own children, I don't wonder that he ordered you out of his house. I don't feel like listening to you much longer myself.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Really, my child, I can't bring myself to tell you; you could never understand—no, never, never!

*Ellen.* You are right, I couldn't, and what's more I have no desire to make the attempt; so, please, keep your communication to yourself.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* We are at cross purposes, my dear, and, as I do not wish to quarrel with you, I will leave you. (*Goes out.*)

*Ellen* (*alone*). Pa is not as gentle as a zephyr, but if that old lady talked to him as she has been doing to me I don't wonder that

he stormed at her. There must be some evil spirit in the air to-day to create such turmoil as we have gone through. I am not superstitious, but I really begin to believe it when I see all my friends going crazy before my eyes without any apparent cause.

*(Enter Charlotte. She goes up to Ellen, and kisses her.)*

*Charlotte.* How would you like to have me for a sister, my dear?

*Ellen (kisses Charlotte).* How glad you make me, Lotty! So Edward has really found courage to propose to you! He has taken his chance, and won.

*Charlotte.* Yes, he won; but he gave up his chance to Harry Smith.

*Ellen (aside).* Another lunatic! They are all mad! *(Aloud.)* So he gave up his chance to Harry Smith!

*Charlotte.* Yes, and he has proposed to me, and is coming back for an answer.

*Ellen.* Oh! he is coming back for an answer, is he?

*Charlotte.* Yes; you see he took me by surprise, and I couldn't answer at once.

*Ellen.* When did this happen.

*Charlotte.* To-day.

*Ellen.* This seems to have been quite a busy day!

*Charlotte.* It has been a wonderful day!

*Ellen.* Did he propose by telegraph? He is in the city, you know.

*Charlotte.* He proposed to me in this house?

*Ellen.* Was he visible to the eye? I mean did he appear in the body, or was it merely his spirit that addressed you?

*Charlotte.* What's the matter with you, Ellen?

*Ellen.* I don't know; I wish somebody would tell me. I begin to think I have been in a trance for a year or so, and suddenly woke up. My faculties are actually benumbed with astonishment.

*Charlotte.* You must know that after you and Mr. Henshaw left for the station, this morning, Harry suddenly appeared to me in the body, as you say, and gave as a reason for doing so——

*Ellen.* Never mind his reasons, they would only bewilder me more; let us return to the question you asked me a moment ago; what put it in your head?

*Charlotte.* Your father.

*Ellen.* Pa! You and he are apparently on very good terms.

*Charlotte.* Yes; he pities me and I pity him.



*Ellen.* May the Lord take pity on us all! I am sure we need it; but what special claim have you on pa's pity?

*Charlotte.* He is sorry for me because I have been deserted in such a shameful manner.

*Ellen.* Do you refer to Edward's——

*Charlotte.* Yes.

*Ellen.* He went away, to be sure, but he has come back.

*Charlotte.* But not to stay.

*Ellen.* There is where you are mistaken.

*Charlotte.* No, I am not; he is going to elope with ma, and he came here to get her.

*Ellen.* Merciful heaven! it is too true! She is mad! Poor child! (*Breaks down, and, weeping, leaves the room.*)

*Charlotte.* I see what is the matter, she thinks I am in love with Edward, and that disappointment has upset my wits. The idea of his running away with ma seems monstrous to everybody; and it is monstrous. If she persuaded him, as Mr. Talbot says she did, it is too awful to think of. It looks like it; she sent for him, she told me so herself. Oh, if I only couldn't believe it! Poor ma! how sea-sick she will be! There, I am pitying her when I ought to feel angry. I wish I could find an excuse for her. Oh, I have it! I have

it! How glad I am! She's crazy, she's crazy! I must hurry home to take care of her; she may be taking a dose of poison this very minute.

*(Runs out L. Enter Smith R.)*

*Smith.* There she goes like a frightened partridge. I wonder if she saw me coming? I hope not, for then it would appear that she desires to avoid me. She is a kind-hearted little girl, and if she has made up her mind to refuse me, she may shrink from doing so in person, and prefer to write. But where are all the folks? I was told at the Ramseys' that I would find them here.

*(Enter Talbot.)*

*Talbot.* Ah! Mr. Smith.

*Smith.* I suppose you are surprised to see me, Mr. Talbot! I hope you are well, sir.

*Talbot (bitterly).* Pardon me, Mr. Smith, but your inquiry is singularly inappropriate to the very happy circumstances in which I find myself.

*Smith.* I have seen your son.

*Talbot.* You must have been gratified; he is presenting a very edifying spectacle to all his friends. But no more of him. To what circumstance do I owe the pleasure of your visit?

*Smith.* I expected to meet Edward here.

*Talbot.* What, sir? Are you an accomplice of his?

*Smith.* No, I appear in the character of a rival.

*Talbot.* If you aspire to rival him, sir, I wonder that your friends permit you to remain at large.

*Smith.* Oh, I do not hope to equal him in everything. I am merely his rival in love.

*Talbot.* Oh! is that all? I wish I had a straight jacket to lend you, for, damn me if you don't need one.

*Smith.* Your conversation, Mr. Talbot, if not complimentary, is certainly not commonplace. That last remark had a strong flavor of eccentricity about it.

*Talbot.* Extraordinary topics give rise to unusual expressions. When you talk of being my son's rival in love, you naturally startle me into some vivacity of utterance.

*Smith.* Is he such a *ne plus ultra* in love?

*Talbot.* If you can go beyond him then God help you, for you are past all human aid.

*Smith.* I don't know what you are driving at, Mr. Talbot, but all I can say is, that I don't see anything so far out of the way in wishing to have Lotty Ramsey for a wife.

*Talbot* (*gives a prolonged whistle of surprise*). And you are actually so far gone as to call that old creature Lotty.

*Smith.* She is not twenty.

*Talbot.* She is fifty if she is a minute.

*Smith.* Her mother may be.

*Talbot.* Then you were speaking of ——

*Smith.* The daughter, and you?

*Talbot.* Of the mother. She is going to elope with Edward.

*Smith.* You are the victim of some strange delusion; for she came here to get her daughter to go over home so that Edward might propose to her.

*Talbot.* A light begins to dawn upon me. I see! I see! He thought I wanted him to give up the daughter, and I was thinking of the mother. But what could Lotty mean? It is very puzzling. (*Enter Henshaw.*) Ah, Gilbert! I am glad to see you back, for you do not deserve to suffer for the misdeeds of this day.

*Henshaw.* You are now doing me the justice I am accustomed to from you. I have not come to plead for myself, however, but Edward.

*Smith.* Mr. Talbot seems to be laboring under some strange delusion with regard to him.

*Talbot.* Yes, Gilbert, I must have been under a wrong impression about his motive for coming back.

*Henshaw.* His only motive in returning was to save me from the consequences of your anger by yielding to your wishes.

*Talbot.* Why is he not with you?

*Henshaw.* He thought I would succeed better in explaining matters without him, because his presence seemed to excite you.

*Talbot.* His presence did excite me, believing what I did. Gilbert, there is something needs clearing up. (*Absently.*) If that little minx has been hoaxing me—no, no, that could not be; her distress was real.

*Henshaw.* There is a mystery which, out of regard to Mrs. Ramsey's feelings, I am not permitted to know.

*Talbot.* Is Edward in the secret?

*Henshaw.* Yes, he and the ladies are in consultation about it.

*Talbot.* Ah! ha! There is something in it, and I am determined to get at the bottom of it.

(*Enter Mrs. Ramsey, Charlotte, Ellen, and Edward.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I hope, sir, I find you in a happier frame of mind than when I last saw you.

*Talbot.* More tranquil, madame, but not much clearer.

*Ellen.* Have you not explained to pa, Gilbert?

*Henshaw.* As far as my information went.

*Talbot.* He has told me that Edward returned to save him; but the most extraordinary circumstance of all he seems totally ignorant of.

*Ellen.* Hush, pa! That must not be talked about.

*Talbot.* I will know. Lotty, what did you mean by telling me that ——

*Charlotte.* Stop! stop! Mr. Talbot. If a lady tells you a thing in confidence, do you call it the part of a gentleman to publish it to the world?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* My daughter will tell you that she was laboring under a mistake.

*Charlotte.* Yes, sir, it was a great big mistake.

*Talbot.* And yet you told me that your mother herself was the author of the story.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I was, but I also was in error, although I at the time believed it.

*Talbot.* Edward, will you deny that you and Mrs. Ramsey intended to ——

*Edward.* Yes, I do emphatically. I know what you refer to, and we never intended to do any such thing.

*Talbot.* This is a miracle in a day of wonders. Mrs. Ramsey's daughter comes to me in great distress, with a story which she gets

from her mother's lips, inculcating herself and my son, and yet, although Mrs. Ramsey admits telling the story, and at one time believing it to be true, she now says it is not true, and my son corroborates her statement.

*Smith.* Ed., you must prepare another statement.

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Mr. Talbot, you have stated the fact as it is, and I now ask you, as a gentleman, never to allude to it again.

*Talbot.* Well, well, let it pass. So, Edward, you have concluded to abandon art and attend to business.

*Edward.* I submit myself entirely to your will in the matter.

*Talbot.* That's hearty, young man; I like it. There is another thing in your proceedings to-day which pleases me; you have shown more pluck and determination than I thought was in you; and since you were willing to sacrifice so much for an ambition, I think I will help you to accomplish what you have set your heart upon. Gilbert and I will attend to business, and you can go to Italy.

*Edward.* My dear father, how can I thank you enough?

*Smith.* Now, Ed., since your affairs are arranged with your father, let us settle our accounts. I must take the train this evening, and have not much time to spare.

*Edward.* I would have preferred a less public occasion ; but you have claims upon me which I cannot resist. Charlotte, you must decide it for us. I now make the same proposition to you that Harry did this morning.

*Talbot.* This time, Edward, I do not say give her up, but hope she will accept you. What do you say, Lotty ?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I join with you in your wish. My child, it would please me exceedingly if you could give him a favorable answer.

*Smith.* Mrs. Ramsey, is that honor bright ?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* I am not asking her to release you.

*Smith.* I see you are a strict constructionist. Come, Lotty, put us two poor devils out of pain.

*Ellen (goes to Charlotte, and kisses her).* Charlotte, I would be delighted to have you for a sister.

*Henshaw.* And so would I.

*Ellen.* Don't expose yourself, you foolish fellow.

*Talbot.* Gilbert is right ; he will be one of the family before long. But what ails the girl ? Why don't she speak ?

*Charlotte (stands apparently in deep meditation ; all look inquiringly at her).* I have been thinking. Edward, I suppose you are going



to Italy now that your father has given you permission.

*Edward.* Certainly.

*Charlotte.* Then I must say no.

*Smith.* Hurra! I have won.

*Edward.* Charlotte, may you never feel the pang that little word can give. For the second time to-day I say farewell. (*Turns to go. Edward turns round and looks at Charlotte, waiting for her answer.*)

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Child, child! See what you are doing! Why do you refuse him?

*Charlotte.* I would be afraid of his mother-in-law; that is, if he devotes himself to art.

*Talbot.* Ah, ha! I knew there was something in it.

*Charlotte.* Besides, I don't want my husband to spend most of his time with naked models.

*Talbot.* Quite right, Lotty! You are a sensible girl.

*Smith (advancing to Charlotte).* Take me, Lotty. I won't even go to see the Venus di Medici. I will be a model myself—that is, a model husband.

*Charlotte.* I believe, Harry, that your wife will be a happy woman, but I will not be your wife.

*Smith (suddenly puts his hand to his heart,*

*changes the action by taking out his watch and looking at it).* It is near train time; I must be off. (*Goes out.*)

*Edward (who has been standing, lost in thought).* A thought strikes me. Charlotte, suppose I abandon art; what would you say to me then?

*Charlotte (archly).* Ask mamma.

*Edward (taking Charlotte by the hand, and leading her in front of Mrs. Ramsey).* What do you say, mamma?

*Mrs. Ramsey.* Bless you, my children.

*Talbot.* So art yields to heart. It is the fable of the sun and wind over again; a pair of bright eyes has succeeded where a temper tempest failed.

THE END.

MR. REYNOLDS  
RUNS FOR CONGRESS.

A COMEDY.

By FRANCIS GELLATLY.



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# MR. REYNOLDS RUNS FOR CONGRESS.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED:

MR. REYNOLDS, a retired merchant, who engages in politics  
to occupy the time which hangs heavy on his hands.

MISS REYNOLDS, his sister—Aunt Susan.

JULIA, his daughter.

MR. HASTINGS, } his nephews and intimate friends.  
MR. RIVERS, }

MR. BARKER, friend of Reynolds.

NELLY, his daughter.

MR. BOCKBREMNER, proprietor of a lager beer garden, a  
German politician.

JOHNNY MULDOON, a political striker.

POLICEMAN.

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## ACT I.

*(Room in Mr. Reynolds' house. Mr. Reynolds reading newspaper; Julia at piano, turning over some leaves of music.)*

*Julia.* Papa, dear, where have you been all day?

*Reynolds.* Down town, my love.

*Julia (turning round).* What's going on there to need your presence? I thought you had given up down town.

*Reynolds.* I find, my love, that the habits

of a lifetime are not easily abandoned, even when the attempt to do so is made with a view to increase one's happiness. Business still has its charms for me.

*Julia.* Stocks and 'change must indeed have a strange fascination when they can reconcile you to the noise and dirt of that odious down town, especially —

*Reynolds.* When I have such a charming daughter to attract me to my home. But you see, Julia, a man of business —

*Julia.* Often makes a slave of himself, and forgets, in the pursuit of wealth, everything that makes it really desirable.

*Reynolds.* What a little Solomon you are! And you are arrayed like him, though you neither toil nor spin.

*Julia.* Spin indeed! No, no. I have not any desire be a spinster.

*Reynolds.* Ha! ha! So you are already thinking of the time when you will leave your old father.

*Julia.* How can you say that? You see I don't wish to be away from you, for I don't even want you to go down town.

*Reynolds.* Well, Julia, I will not talk about it if it is disagreeable to you; but I can't help thinking of it now and then. I am growing old, my love, and in the natural course of

things it will not be long before I must leave you.

*Julia.* How sad you make me feel, pa. Life seems bright and joyous to me; but your words make it appear wicked in me to be so glad when you are oppressed by such gloomy thoughts.

*Reynolds.* May you always feel glad, my love. The world would be a doleful place if the children went about weeping and crying all the time because their parents were dead or might die. Why, my dear, you seem to forget that I have neither father nor mother myself. The earth is filled with just such gray-haired orphans as I am.

*Julia* (*advancing and kissing him on the forehead*). What a dear, ridiculous old pa you are!

(*Enter Miss Reynolds.*)

*Aunt Susan.* Here, brother, I want you to look over these bills. (*Hands him some accounts; Reynolds takes them.*)

*Reynolds.* I'll take them into the library and examine them there. (*Goes out L.*)

*Julia.* By the way, aunt Susan, have you noticed anything peculiar about pa lately?

*Aunt Susan.* Now that you mention it, I do think that I have noticed him to be rather out of spirits for some time back.

*Julia.* Since he has been out of business he seems to weary for want of something to do.

*Aunt Susan.* Very likely; but I have no time to amuse him. I have as much as I can attend to looking after you and the house here.

*Julia.* That you have, aunt; but I must not be so thoughtless any more. I will try and take some of the load off your shoulders.

*Aunt Susan.* Never mind me, my dear. I like it. It will be time enough for you to worry about such matters when you are married and have a house of your own.

*Julia.* There, that's the second time I've been talked to about getting married this evening. You and pa must be anxious to get rid of me. I'm sure I have no thought of getting married.

*Aunt Susan.* And I have no desire to put it in your head, my dear. It is a thought that comes soon enough to young girls without being suggested to them. They little know when they are well off, or they would not be in such a hurry about it.

*Julia.* Oh, fie! aunt. How can you say that? You were a young girl once yourself. you know.

*Aunt Susan.* Too well I remember it, and



I suppose I was just as foolish as the rest of you in those days; but I was not a pretty young girl like you, and for that reason escaped many of the temptations which may come in your way.

*(Servant announces Hastings and Rivers.)*

*Julia.* I suppose they are two of the temptations you allude to.

*(Enter Hastings and Rivers.)*

*Hastings.* Good evening, fair cousin and my good aunt.

*Julia.* And how do the gallant Hastings and the noble Rivers?

*Rivers.* I feel as great and happy as a newly fledged graduate should.

*Hastings.* And I as distinguished as any foreign count.

*Julia.* Oh, yes! You count a good deal on the distinction of your foreign travel.

*(They sit down.)*

*Aunt Susan.* I will leave you, Julia, to entertain these young gentlemen while I go to prayer meeting. *(She goes out C.)*

*Hastings.* It is a long time, cousin, since I have had this pleasure.

*Julia.* What pleasure?

*Hastings.* The pleasure of seeing you.

*Julia.* You call it pleasure?

*Rivers.* I give it a nobler name. I call it happiness.

*Julia.* To change the subject, tell us what you have seen during the last year, Fred.

*Rivers.* I beg of you don't start him off on his travels. He'll never stop. His tongue has actually worn some of the enamel off his teeth with its perpetual motion in telling of his adventures.

*Hastings.* Jealousy, nothing but jealousy, causes him to speak so.

*Julia.* I suppose you think your descriptions quite vivid and interesting.

*Rivers.* Oh, yes! He'll make you seasick with the account of his voyage, and dizzy with his ascent of Mont Blanc.

*Julia.* Did he really go up Mont Blanc? How did it look, Fred?

*Rivers.* White, of course. The prospect was quite blank, in fact.

*Julia* (*laughing*). Never mind him, Fred; tell me all about it.

*Hastings.* Well, you see, I rigged myself out like a regular mountaineer, Alpine stock and all.

*Rivers.* He looked, with his knee breeches, gray stockings, and hob-nailed shoes for all the world like an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair.

*Julia.* Come, Tom, it is hardly fair to make fun of a man who has occupied such a romantic

position. I have no doubt the little shepherdesses felt like making love to him.

*Hastings.* Well, as I was going to say, when he interrupted me, the morning we made the ascent, we started at the ——

*Rivers.* The bottom of the hill, of course; for you see if he had started at the top it would have been a descent.

*Julia.* Quite right, Tom, it is easy to be seen that you know something about climbing.

*Hastings.* Shall I go on?

*Rivers.* Oh, yes! go on or you'll never get to the top.

*Julia.* Besides, if he stops too long he might freeze to death on the way. I understand it is very cold on Mont Blanc.

*Hastings (laughing).* I declare, Julia, you are as bad as he is.

*Rivers.* That is not saying much against her, for I am very good.

*Hastings.* A truly pious young creature.

*Julia.* Never mind, Fred, you can finish your story some other time when he is not present, and as a sort of reward for your patience under trial, I will sing for you the little song you composed before you went away. (*Goes to piano and sits down to sing.*)

*Hastings.* You have actually set my words to music!

*Rivers.* I don't wonder you are astonished; for if she can find music in your words, it will not be long before she discovers perpetual motion.

*Julia.* I have discovered that already in your tongue.

*Hastings.* I hope you feel better, Rivers. (*They go to piano and stand one on each side of Julia. She sings:*)

I do not blush to own, my sweet,  
My heart is filled with sorrow,  
To think again we only meet  
To say good bye, to-morrow.

Good bye for many a weary day;  
Perhaps for life to sever,  
Alas ! for me ! I cannot say  
It's not good bye forever.

Yet, while I sing my little song,  
And breathe my soul in sorrow,  
Hope whispers we will meet ere long,  
Although we part to-morrow.

(*While Julia is singing, enter R, Nellie and Barker; they stand at door listening when she stops.*)

*Barker.* Bravo ! bravo ! Well done. (*Clapping his hands.*)

*Julia (turning round.)* Good evening ! How quietly you come in; I am glad you have come, for pa is feeling quite blue to-night. You must try and cheer him up.

*Barker.* Where is he ?

*Julia.* In the library.

*Barker.* I'll step in and see what is the matter with him. (*While Julia is talking to Barker, Hastings and Rivers approach Nelly, and go apart conversing with her; when Barker goes in library to the left, Julia approaches Nelly and says:)*

*Julia.* Come, Nelly, take off your things. (*She takes her hat and shawl, and lays them on the piano. They seat themselves.*)

*Nelly.* And so, Mr. Hastings, you have been abroad !

*Rivers.* Oh, yes ! he has been abroad, and now he is disposed to take a narrow view of everything in America.

*Julia.* It is not much of a distinction nowadays.

*Rivers.* It is a great deal more of a distinction to remain at home.

*Hastings.* Then, of course, you are all more distinguished people than I am.

*Julia.* Oh ! oh !

*Nelly.* Oh ! oh !

*Rivers.* Oh ! oh !

} together.

*Julia.* It is really amusing how these traveled people advertise the fact on every occasion. I happened to remark the other day to Mrs. Jones that her daughter Amelia had

grown very rapidly, when she replied: "Yes, when we were abroad, I had to take a tuck out of her dress at Milan, another at Verona, another at Venice, and by the time we got to Vienna, the child was positively gigantic! You would scarcely believe it."

*Rivers.* If I believed it at all, I would believe it—scarcely. Your story puts me in mind of a conversation I heard between Jones and Felix McSpalpeen, whose father was driven from his ancestral estates in the old country by ——

*Nelly.* Political troubles?

*Rivers.* No, by a distress for rent; he afterward made a fortune.

*Nelly* Abroad! } *together.*  
*Julia.* Abroad! }

*Rivers.* No, here; America is broad enough for any live man. Well, to go on with my story, says Felix to Jones, "When I was abroad, I enjoyed everything tip top, but nothing so much as a ham sandwich I once eat at Jerusalem." "Oh," says Jones, "that's like my drinking wine at Mecca."

*Julia.* Shades of Moses and Mahomet! Pork in Jerusalem and wine in Mecca!

*Hastings.* McSpalpeen and Jones must have experienced a very *recherché* feeling of iniquity under the circumstances.

*(Enter Barker and Reynolds conversing.)*

*Barker.* You say you have no mind for books; suppose you try politics. There is plenty of room for the action of respectable men in the management of our public affairs.

*Julia.* Mr. Barker, what are you saying to pa?

*Barker.* I am advising him to take the role of a politician.

*Hastings.* I would rather take a breakfast roll.

*Rivers.* Or a roll in the dirt.

*Julia.* What do you mean by the role of a politician?

*Reynolds.* I am going to interest myself in public affairs, my dear; pull wires and all that.

*Julia.* Pull wires! What has that to do with public affairs?

*Nelly.* He means telegraph wires, I suppose.

*Hastings.* Something more shocking.

*Rivers.* And a good deal worse for the nerves, considering the amount of bad whiskey he will have to drink.

*Hastings.* And then how his lungs will suffer; he will have to spout so.

*Julia.* Spout, Fred! What do you mean? Pa's not a whale.

*Rivers.* He might as well be; for a politi-

cian is a monster and swallows everything that comes in his way. Jonah would have stayed down if he had got into a politician's stomach.

*Barker.* Not so fast, young gentlemen; in politics we find ——

*Hastings.* Men without principle.

*Rivers.* And women without shame.

*Reynolds.* Dear me, what a hubbub you are making.

*Hastings.* Not half as much as you will be expected to make when you get on the stump.

*Julia.* What would pa do on the stump?

*Rivers.* Cut stick for office.

*Hastings.* And endeavor to make block-heads of his opponents.

*Reynolds.* An endeavor which you are now confining to yourselves, my precious nephews. You forget that in politics we meet with many men of ——

*Rivers.* All nations.

*Hastings.* Irishmen.

*Rivers.* Dutchmen.

*Hastings.* Chinamen.

*Rivers.* And Ben Butlers.

*Julia.* Stop your racket and let us hear what Mr. Barker has to say about this. You bewilder me with your noise.

*Barker.* There is a good deal of truth and some exaggeration in what these young gen-



tlements say ; but if they spoke the literal truth, it would furnish a good reason for men like your father to engage in politics for the purpose of taking the management of public affairs out of the hands of such people.

*Nelly.* He would have to go to mass meetings, and all such things, and be out till morning.

*Julia.* Oh, pa, don't ! you would ruin your health.

*Reynolds.* Never fear, I will take care of my health. The excitement would do me good.

*Julia.* What sort of a thing is a mass meeting ?

*Reynolds.* It is a meeting where the masses of the sovereign people meet to discuss and decide upon what is best for them in their public policy.

*Rivers.* Well done, uncle, the very idea of being a politician seems to have given you some of their cant already. It is a good joke to say that the people discuss and decide for themselves. It is all cut and dried for them before they get there.

*Julia.* What's cut and dried ? Do they have anything to eat at these meetings ?

*Rivers.* Yes, they have a good deal of tongue ; some people call it lip ; gab would be a good name for it.

*Julia.* Come, tell us all about it.

*Barker.* Suppose, young gentlemen, that we have a game of mass meeting, to show these young ladies how they are managed.

*Rivers (rising and rapping table in center of room).* A capital idea! I call this meeting to order and nominate our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Barker, for chairman.

*Hastings (rising).* I second that motion.

*Rivers.* It is moved and seconded that Mr. Barker be chairman of this meeting. All those in favor of that motion will please say "aye." Contrary, "no." (*All shout "aye"; the young ladies clapping their hands.*) The ayes have it.

*Julia.* Of course, the eyes must be twice as many as the nose.

*Hastings.* Yes; they are always two to one.

*Nelly.* Sometimes two to none; for I have seen a man without a nose.

*Julia.* Suppose he had only one eye.

*Hastings.* In that case we would both be wrong.

*Rivers (rapping table).* Order, gentlemen! Order! Will Mr. Barker please take the chair. (*Barker advances to table. Rivers sits down.*)

*Barker.* Fel-low-cit-i-zens——

*Julia.* I'm not a fellow.

*Nelly.* And they won't let us be citizens.

*Hastings.* Order ! Put him out !

*Barker.* I was going to remark, before the interruption took place, that I cannot find words to express the deep sense of my obligation to you for this distinguished honor.

*Julia.* Don't look for them, then.

*Rivers.* Dry up, there !

*Barker.* The occasion upon which we have met is one of great, is one——

*Nelly.* Don't tell us that any more, we know it isn't two.

*Barker.* The occasion, gentlemen, is one which affords me intense satisfaction, for we have met to ratify the nomination of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Henry Reynolds, as our candidate for Congress. He is a man, gentlemen, a man——

*All.* We never thought he was a woman.

*Barker.* He is a man whom some of us have known from our infancy.

*Julia.* I am certain that I have.

*Rivers.* That's true ; he was very essential to your infancy.

*Barker.* And the longer we have known him the better we have liked him. He will do honor to any position which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens may place him in. Need I say more, gentlemen ?

*All.* Oh, no! sit down.

*Barker.* I see that the audience is rather impatient, and I will conclude with these few remarks. We will now hear from Mr. Rivers.

*Rivers (rising).* Fellow-citizens, I rise to add my feeble mite —

*Hastings.* That's the cheese.

*Julia.* Cheese mite, did he say?

*Nelly.* He must be a man of might.

*Barker.* Order there! Order!

*Rivers.* I would contribute my feeble mite in support of our candidate. Gentlemen, in those dark days when — when —

*Nelly.* The weather is cloudy.

*Julia.* We generally expect rain.

*Barker (rapping table).* Order there! Order!

*Rivers.* I repeat, gentlemen, in those dark days when the sun of truth was hid beneath a cloud of misrepresentation, we naturally turned for light to the beacons of principle only to be found in our party. (*Applause.*) Principles which I can say, gentlemen, which I can truly say —

*Julia.* Why don't you say it, then?

*Nelly.* Don't say it if you can't speak the truth.

*Barker.* Order! Order!

*Rivers.* Principles, I say, which animate

with hope every poor creature pining in the dungeons of despotism. (*Hastings, Reynolds, Barker, "hurra! hurra! hi! hi!" the ladies clap their hands.*) Nay, I will go further, and say that they cause every tyrant on this broad earth to tremble on his throne. (*Great applause.*) Yes, gentlemen, when the lightning shall flash along the wires your action to-night, it will give the regions of despotism a shock which will make them rock as if shaken by an earthquake. The voice of freemen resounding over the earth is more terrible to tyrants than the roar of the lion in his native deserts. (*Cheering.*) The electors of this district will arise to-morrow with the proud consciousness of having done their duty regardless of consequences, and when they look each other in the eye they will experience that electric thrill so peculiar and so dear to freemen. (*"Bully boy! hi! hi! i!"*) These things being so, and not otherwise, as may be made manifest to the meanest capacity, is it not clearly our duty to rally round our standard and bear aloft our flag till every nation and continent and little isle of the sea shall repose under its ample folds? (*Great applause.*) Have I not demonstrated that our opponents are not to be trusted? Do you not feel, as I do, in the very marrow of your bones, that they are

the enemies of their country? (*"That's the talk; sail in."*) Then let us not falter nor waver, nor turn back from the plough, but, under the leadership of our noble candidate, march onward to victory, or, nobly fighting, fall. (*Great cheering, clapping of hands, etc., amidst which enter Aunt Susan R, who holds up her hands in astonishment, when quiet is restored.*)

*Aunt Susan.* What is the meaning of all this racket?

*Julia.* Oh! Aunt Susan, we are having a mass meeting; pa is going to run for Congress.

*Aunt Susan.* If that is the case, you had better all be on your knees praying for him instead of making this unseemly noise.

*Rivers.* Politicians are usually past praying for.

*Aunt Susan.* My young friend, have you ever tried the power of prayer?

*Reynolds.* Why, sister, you are unusually serious to-night.

*Aunt Susan.* And well I may be. I have been talking with sister Smith about the Chinese mission. You know that there are a great many Chinese in America already, and more are coming, and it's awful to think that they are all heathens.

*Nelly.* They seem to be a harmless sort of people from all accounts.

*Julia.* Perhaps Aunt Susan thinks that they might have a bad effect on Young America.

*Aunt Susan.* I was thinking of the poor creatures' souls, but now that you mention it the sight of their idol-worshipping, heathenish ways must have a bad effect on the young people of California. I think Congress might do something to remedy the evil.

*Barker.* By preventing them from coming into the country, you mean?

*Aunt Susan.* Oh, no! That may be a dispensation of Providence to bring about their conversion. I was thinking that Congress might make a law to put down their idol worship.

*Rivers.* Congress is not the body to do that; the members all worship the golden calf.

*Julia.* Why don't Congress put down the Mormons?

*Aunt Susan.* Sure enough; it does seem as if there was little prospect of Congress doing anything in that way.

*Nelly.* These things will never be put down till women vote.

*Hastings.* Do you think women would be likely to vote against Mormonism? They say

that most women would rather have part of a husband than none at all.

*Nelly.* Oh, that's a vile joke of the men. I am sure that I would rather have no husband at all than share him with anybody else.

*Julia.* If pa went to Congress he might bring the matter up, and have something done about it.

*Aunt Susan.* True; the thought reconciles me to his mixing in politics. O brother, think! you might do some good for the cause of religion if you were in Congress. My mind is greatly exercised about those poor, ignorant heathens.

*Reynolds.* So you think I may become a missionary to the heathen by going to Congress?

*Rivers.* According to all accounts they are a pretty heathenish set.

*Barker.* You see, Reynolds, everything seems to favor my idea. You must run for Congress. (*Rising and rapping the table.*) As there is no other business before this meeting I move that we do now adjourn. All in favor of this please say "aye." (*All shout "aye," and immediately begin leave taking.*)



## ACT II.

(*Reynolds' house, the same as last act. Enter Aunt Susan, dressed for the street. Reynolds seated, reading paper.*)

*Aunt Susan.* Brother, let me have your purse. (*Reynolds gives her purse.*) Why, how dismal you look! Are you not well?

*Reynolds.* I am not well either in body or mind. I have not had a minute's peace since that confounded nomination for Congress. If it were not for sheer shame I would resign my candidacy.

*Aunt Susan.* I know you have a great deal to worry you, but think what you might accomplish if you succeed.

*Reynolds.* I see you are thinking of your pigtailed friends, the Chinese.

*Aunt Susan.* O brother, remember they are God's creatures.

*Reynolds (with asperity).* Do you mean to tell me that he made such looking wretches as they are? Do you think that they were born with pigtails?

*Aunt Susan.* Brother, brother, you forget yourself in talking so lightly of pigtails. Those very pigtails are a heathenish observance, and proclaim the lost condition of their souls.

*Reynolds.* If you think I am running for Congress for the purpose of finding their lost souls, you are very much mistaken. I would not again go through my last three weeks' experience if by so doing I could tie a soul to every pigtail in China.

*Aunt Susan.* Brother, if you will be brutal I beg of you don't be blasphemous. Your remarks are positively devilish.

*Reynolds.* Who wouldn't be devilish in the pandemonium of politics! It is a perfect hell upon earth, and when you are in hell you must do as the devils do, in self-defense.

*Aunt Susan.* You shock me, brother; you are, indeed, greatly changed.

*Reynolds.* I believe you. I hardly know myself. I used to think that I had some ideas of my own, and had the right to express them. But it seems my duty now is to try and imagine what everybody else thinks, and say that to the person who thinks it, and deny it to all others. The father of lies himself might be proud to have a politician for a son.

*Aunt Susan.* You are certainly talking just now like one of his children. I would not have expected it from a man of your principles.

*Reynolds.* Which of my principles do you refer to? For if there is any question of

morals or religion about which men may differ, I am on both sides of it—either, as occasion may require. Chameleon-like, I am expected to take the color of everything I come in contact with, and the more desperate my struggle for political existence becomes, the more rapid will be my changes, and, like a dying dolphin, I'll vary my hue with every gasp.

*Aunt Susan.* You are certainly going head-long to perdition. You had better give up the attempt to be elected.

*Reynolds.* Give up my candidacy, and be the laughing stock of all the city! Besides, I am attacked on every side; my blood is up, and I intend to fight it out. (*Enter Julia.*) Here, Julia, read these extracts from the morning papers. (*Gives her paper and points out paragraph.*)

*Aunt Susan.* Brother, brother, I do wish you would cut loose from these vile politics.

*Reynolds.* And lose the chance of having your pigtailed friends clipped?

*Julia.* This is too bad. (*Reads.*) "Amusing. It seems that that mild mediocrity, Henry Reynolds (wry nose, the boys call him) is running for Congress on what may be termed Chinese-pigtail-missionary principles. It is said that he intends if elected to bring in a bill for the abolition of pigtails among our Chi-

nese fellow citizens. We understand that some old granny has persuaded him that the safety of their souls demands this hirsute sacrifice. He is even willing to advocate a general war against the entire Mongolian race all over the world to accomplish this tonsorial amendment. Incredible as it may appear, we know this to be a fact, and it proves that the poor creature is more fit for a lunatic asylum than a legislative assembly. Do the electors of this district wish to be represented by a madman? Well may we say, thereby hangs a tail."

*Reynolds.* There, Susan, you see how your views strike the general public.

*Aunt Susan.* The person who wrote that seems to be a scurrilous creature.

*Reynolds.* He has used an argument which must be very convincing with you to prove the truth of your assertion. He has called you an old granny.

*Julia.* It is wonderful how they find out everything, these newspaper men.

*Aunt Susan.* Yes, they have even discovered the crook in your father's nose.

*Reynolds.* I see he has cut pretty deep, Susan. You wished me to stop running. Do you think that men who call you old granny and me wry nose should be allowed to triumph?

*Aunt Susan.* I do think their insolence should be punished.

*Julia.* Pa, the best way to punish them is to be elected in spite of them.

*Aunt Susan.* Yes; brother owes it to his family to show them that he is not the imbecile they would make out.

*Reynolds.* And to vindicate the pigtail-missionary principles of his old-granny adviser.

*Aunt Susan.* I'll not stay and listen to your nonsense any longer. I've got something better to do. (*Goes out R.*)

(*Servant announces Rivers, who immediately enters R.*)

*Rivers.* Good morning to you all. How goes the war, uncle?

*Reynolds.* Not so well as I would like, although I am determined to continue the fight.

*Julia.* These abominable papers are abusing pa all the time.

*Rivers.* That's part of the fun; I enjoy the whole thing amazingly. I have been round to several lager beer gardens this morning, already, taking care of our German vote. I have brought a pretzel for you, Julia. (*Presenting it to her.*) Upon such meat doth this our German feed.

*Julia (shrinking back).* Keep away from

me; you smell fearfully. When you entered, I thought somebody had rolled a barrel of beer into the room.

*Rivers.* You ought to like the smell, for beer and ballots go together. I hope that we will smell a good deal of lager round the polls on election day, for that's the odor of victory in this contest.

*Reynolds.* I suppose you think that pretzels and pretty girls go together, too.

*Rivers.* I confess I thought of one when I got this (*looking at Julia*).

*Julia.* You need not look at me; I don't take that as a compliment.

*Reynolds.* Of course he didn't mean you. He was thinking of the fraulein who gave it to him.

*Julia.* Oh, the wretch!

*Reynolds.* Tom, have you brought anything from your German friends besides the pretzel?

*Rivers.* Yes; I have come to prepare you for the visit of a proprietor of one of the lager beer gardens who is interesting himself very much in your behalf. He will be here in a few minutes.

(*Servant announces Mr. Bockbremmer, who comes in.*)

*Bockbremmer.* Ah! my goot friend Riffers, you haf come quicker as I.

*Rivers.* Mr. Bockbremmer, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Reynolds.

*Bockbremmer* (*shaking hands with Reynolds*). I am prout to know you, Mr. Rennolts. I come as one of your Sherman frients to make my gompliment to our worty candidate.

*Reynolds.* I am glad to see you and your friends, Mr. Bockbremmer, at all times. The more the better.

*Bockbremmer.* Ha! ha! Shoost so; de more de better, the more Shermans de more votes. Ish dat not recht, Mr. Riffers?

*Rivers.* I have been telling Mr. Reynolds something of the kind.

*Julia.* Mr. Rivers is a great admirer of the Germans, Mr. Bockbremmer. He likes their lager and ——

*Bockbremmer.* Ha! ha! I know vat you voot say—de frauleins, de girlz, I mean; he electioneer forst-rate mit dem. You shoot see him tance at a Sherman ball. Oh, yes! he make a goot candidate mit de girlz.

*Reynolds.* You think he is quite frisky?

*Bockbremmer.* Oh, no! not viskey. He like more de lager. He holt a goot deal.

*Julia.* I never knew you were a man of great capacity before, Tom.

*Reynolds.* I did not mean that he liked whiskey, Mr. Bockbremmer. I wished to say

that he was fond of jumping about; lively, you know.

*Bockbremmer.* Shump apout! Lively! You pet! He shump apout like a shicken mitout his het, when he git mit de girlz and de lager.

*Rivers (aside).* Confound his beery stupidity!

*Julia.* It is very easy to be seen why he is so fond of electioneering, Mr. Bockbremmer.

*Reynolds.* Mr. Rivers is very fond of the Germans.

*Bockbremmer.* Ven he come to me I fint him a goot vif from de Shermans.

*Julia.* Then, Tom, you would have plenty of pretzels and lager.

*Bockbremmer.* Ha! ha! And Limburger and saur kraut. How you like it, Mr. Riffers? Goot, eh! But I lose time mit all dis fun. I haf some leetle pizness mit you, Mr. Rennolts.

*Reynolds.* What can I do for you?

*Bockbremmer.* I want you to do pizness for yourself as vell as I. You shoost come rount to my garten Suntay afternoon. I introtooce you to a goot many Sherman voters; den you get de wotes, and I get de customers vat come to see de candidate. In dat vay ve kill a birt mit two stones.

*Reynolds.* I shall be most happy to come round, but would some other day not do as well?



*Bockbremmer.* In von particulars it voot be petter some veek day, for a shurch is near my garten, and ven dem peoples sing dey howl so dat dey spoil my musick. I most try some vay to shtop de nuisance. You help me do dat ven you shall be elected, Mr. Rennolts?

*Rivers (laughing).* You don't like church music, Bock?

*Bockbremmer.* Music! Such tam howling ish not music. But ve can't help it. You most come Suntay, Mr. Rennolts, for den de Shermans most enshoy demselves in de gartens. You see more peoples den.

*Reynolds.* Well, then, I will be round at your place next Sunday.

*Bockbremmer.* Tanks! Ve shall gif you a goot reception. Miss Rennolts shall come too, eh! and see de Sherman frauleins?

*Julia.* Thank you, Mr. Bockbremmer; I shall be engaged next Sunday.

*Bockbremmer.* You see your beau den, eh; American girlz do dat, I pelief. It ish a free country; effery von shall do vat he like. Goot morning. (*Goes out.*)

*Julia.* Pa, how could you promise to go to a lager beer garden to electioneer on Sunday? It is bad enough on week days.

*Reynolds.* How can I help it, my dear? The necessity of my situation demands it.

*Rivers.* Expediency is the golden rule of the politician, which your father must follow.

*Reynolds.* I am afraid it is too true; and after dishonoring myself to accomplish my election, I will receive the title of honorable if I succeed.

*Julia.* But—oh, dear! it is too bad. I wish it had not happened. There is one consolation, however; the election will soon be over.

(*Enter Barker R.*)

*Barker.* Good morning to you all. You seem to be in consultation.

*Reynolds.* We have been talking about a visit we have just received from a Mr. Bockbremmer.

*Barker.* Bockbremmer is an influential man among his countrymen.

*Julia.* And he says that Mr. Tom electioneers “forst-rate mit de girlz.”

*Barker.* I think I would like the fun myself. You are in luck, Reynolds, to have Bockbremmer and Tom active in your behalf. I have heard of them in a good many quarters. By the way, I have called on election business myself. The superintendent of our Sunday school desired me to call and ask you to come round and say a few words to the children next Sunday.

*Reynolds.* Don't ask me. I am not good at that sort of thing.

*Barker.* Never mind that, you know you are a candidate for Congress, and it will please the parents of the children. It may get you some votes.

*Reynolds.* I think a politician in a Sunday school would be like the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

*Julia.* With this difference; that you will smell of lager.

*Rivers.* True; it does not appear from the account that Eve's betrayer was in the habit of drinking beer.

*Barker.* What are you talking about? What is going to make you smell of beer, Reynolds?

*Rivers.* Beer.

*Barker.* But he needn't drink any.

*Reynolds.* But I must.

*Julia.* He can't help himself.

*Reynolds.* Confound this infernal politics. I have had to blush for myself twenty times a day since I have been nominated. The fact is, Barker, I promised to go round to this Bock-bremmer's garden next Sunday to meet my German friends, as they are called.

*Barker.* Well, I am sorry, but I suppose it can't be helped.

*Julia.* What excuse can pa make for not going ?

*Barker.* Oh, I will just tell them that he has a previous engagement. They will take it for granted that it is another of the same kind.

*Reynolds.* We are setting a nice example before these young people.

*Barker.* Never mind. You must beat the rascal you are running against.

*Reynolds.* Even if I should act like a rascal to do it ?

*Barker.* Answer your own conundrums ; I must be off. I have an appointment to keep, and I am rather late.

*Reynolds.* I will go with you. Come, Tom, let us go round to the committee room. (*They go out R.*)

*Julia.* I will be glad when the election is over.

(*Enter Aunt Susan R, dressed as she was when she went out.*)

*Aunt Susan.* I met Hastings in the street just now ; he says he is coming round to see you.

*Julia.* He must think his visit of some consequence, to proclaim it in advance.

*Aunt Susan.* I am out of patience with you, Julia ; you are trifling with that young man's feelings.

*Julia.* I joke with him now and then, but I did not think he was so sensitive as to be hurt by it.

*Aunt Susan.* You need not pretend ignorance. You know very well what I mean. He is a worthy young man, and well off, too. I am afraid you are neglecting him for that rattle brain, Rivers.

*Julia.* I do see more of Tom, to be sure.

*Aunt Susan.* I should think you did. These abominable politics have made you thick as thieves. Your father consults you and Tom about everything. He conceals nothing from you. You are even permitted to converse with the wretches this vile business brings your father in contact with. (*Servant announces Bockbremmer.*) That is one of the creatures, I suppose. I do not think it safe to leave you alone with him, so I will remain here. (*Enter Bockbremmer.*)

*Bockbremmer.* Goot morning, laties! I voot speak mit Mr. Rennolts.

*Aunt Susan.* Mr. Reynolds is not at home, sir.

*Bockbremmer.* Mr. Riffers vill do shoost so vell.

*Aunt Susan.* Mr. Rivers does not live here, sir.

*Bockbremmer.* I see him here a leetle vile

ago, and I expect I shall find him when I come back.

*Julia.* Mr. Rivers has gone out with my father, Mr. Bockbremmer.

*Aunt Susan.* You seem to be very intimate with Mr. Rivers.

*Bockbremmer.* Yes, I ish very vell acquainted mit him. He ish splendid feller. He most as good a Sherman as I.

*Aunt Susan.* That is quite an honor to him (*sarcastically*).

*Bockbremmer.* Dat ish shoost so, I tink. He make himself gompbliment to be like Sherman.

*Julia.* Is it anything I can do for you, Mr. Bockbremmer?

*Bockbremmer.* Never mind; it ish nothing very particulars. (*To Aunt Susan.*) Matame, Mr. Rennolts and I gif a large party in my garden Sunday. We haf plenty lager and music and tancing. It vill be a pig ting. You shall come, eh?

*Aunt Susan.* This is monstrous, Julia. I never thought my brother would allow me to be insulted in his own house. Let us leave this man. (*Goes to C. door.*)

*Bockbremmer.* Insuldet! I peg bardon. I haf not mean to insuldt. I no speak very vell English. Mein Got! vat ish dis I haf say?

*Julia.* It is a mistake of my aunt, Mr. Bockbremmer.

*Aunt Susan.* Your aunt has indeed made a mistake. She did think that her brother had some little regard for decency; but, as you say, I have made a mistake.

*Bockbremmer.* Tecency! Your brutter! He tance a little mit de girls, but dat ish not nasty; I do dat meinself sometime.

*Aunt Susan.* Dance with the girls on Sunday! The Lord have mercy on his soul! But I will do my duty by his child at all hazards. You must come with me, Julia. (*Takes her hand and pulls her toward C. door.*) You shall not stay in the company of this reprobate a moment longer.

*Julia (resisting).* You forget yourself. You must not insult my father's friends when they come to see him.

*Bockbremmer (advancing to separate them).* Come, come, laties, you shall not fight apout me. I no like dat in my garten, and I tinks Mr. Rennolts shall not vant him in his house. Old laty, let go de girl.

*Aunt Susan (starting back).* Old lady indeed! Insolent scoundrel!

*Julia (laughing).* So you thought we were fighting, Mr. Bockbremmer.

*Bockbremmer.* Ha! ha! I tink you lick him; your arm haf goot muscle.

(*Enter Rivers.*)

*Rivers.* Well, Bock, you seem merry. What's the joke?

*Bockbremmer.* The old laty shoost been goin lick de younk one pecause her fadder tance a leetle in de garten. Ha! ha! I laugh till I sblit mine site.

*Julia.* Mr. Bockbremmer wants to see you, Tom. (*Aside.*) Take him away; I will explain afterward.

*Rivers.* Come, Bock, Mr. Reynolds is round at the garden. We will meet him there.

*Bockbremmer.* Vell, that suit me forst-rate. Goot morning, laties. You shall no more fight apout me, eh! Ha! ha! (*They go out R.*)

*Aunt Susan* (*walking up and down the room in great excitement*). Fight indeed! Old lady! Insolent ruffian! (*Stopping in front of Julia.*) Julia, your father must put a stop to this.

*Julia.* I know, aunt, that it is annoying, but what can father do? He must make use of the ordinary means to secure his election.

*Aunt Susan.* If he took half the pains to secure the salvation of his soul, it would be better for him. He never was very religious; but now I cannot help looking upon him in the light of a poor lost creature.

*Julia.* Father is not as particular as he might be, but ——



*Aunt Susan.* Particular! He is perfectly reckless. To think that my own brother should spend his time on the Sabbath carousing in lager beer gardens with a set of heathenish foreigners. It is enough to drive me mad.

*Julia.* Aunt Susan, how cross you are to-day! It is something new for you.

*Aunt Susan.* The present goings on in this house would try the temper of a saint. It is ting-a-ling from morning till night, and every hour of the day the door is darkened by the countenance of some fearful-looking ruffian who comes to see your father on political business forsooth.

*(Enter Johnny Muldoon, a political striker, a very dirty, loaferish-looking fellow.)*

*Muldoon.* That's me.

*(Aunt Susan turns, and seeing him, staggers back into a seat. Julia gives a slight scream.)*

*Aunt Susan.* Who, who are y-you?

*Muldoon.* I am Johnny Muldoon. I heerd your remark about political biz, and I said that's me. I am on it myself. Where's the old man? The gal at the door wasn't for letting me in; but I was afeerd Reynolds might be playin' possum, so I thought I would come in and see how the land lay. I tell you he's got to come down a little more lively, or the boys 'll go back on him.

*Julia.* I suppose you want to see my father.

*Muldoon.* I'm a' supposin' that myself.

*Aunt Susan* (*rising and advancing toward him*). How dare you break into a gentleman's house and frighten his family out of their wits by your nefarious presence?

*Muldoon.* Draw it mild, old woman. There wasn't no breakin' in about it. The gal opened the door and I walked past her; that's all. As to your bein' out of your wits, I'm too perlite to contradict you.

*Aunt Susan.* Out of the house, you burglarious blackguard!

*Julia.* Aunt! aunt! do control yourself.

*Muldoon.* I tell you, old gal, there aint no use o' callin' me names. I aint goin' to leave this house till I've seen Reynolds.

*Aunt Susan.* Ruffian, I will call the police.

*Muldoon.* I guess you'll take it out in callin'. I couldn't think o' leavin' on no consideration. I'm very fond o' ladies' society, so I'll just sit down and make myself agreeable. (*Sits down.*)

*Aunt Susan.* Make yourself agreeable! Incredible monster! I will go for help at once. (*Rushes out of the room.*)

*Julia.* Mr. Muldoon —

*Muldoon.* Now you are a talkin'. (*Rises and bows; sits down again. Julia sits down.*)

*Julia.* I suppose, sir, you wish to see my father about election matters. He is not at home just now; but if you have any message for him, I will deliver it to him when he comes in.

*Muldoon.* I see you're a sensible gal, and I don't mind tellin' you the old man's prospects aint so bright as they might be. He's givin' himself away; his hand and his pocket aint near enough together to make a first-class politician.

*Julia.* You mean that he —

*Muldoon.* That he talks too much with his mouth; he don't let his money have enough to say. I've got some of the deestriacts down here (*pulling a paper from his pocket, and drawing his chair up beside Julia*), and you can see for yourself that he hasn't got as good a show as he might have. I tell you, them deestriacts aint goin' to be carried without more money.

(*Julia looks over the paper with him. While so engaged, Aunt Susan appears at C. door and Reynolds at R. door. They look first at Julia and Muldoon, and then steadfastly at each other, when:*)

*Reynolds.* Why, Susan, what's this?

*Aunt Susan.* Oh, brother, brother! For shame! for shame! To think that you should bring this degradation upon your poor, innocent child! (*She advances and sinks into a seat, weeping.*)

*Julia (rising).* Pa, this gentleman has called to see you on political business. (*Approaching her aunt.*) Aunt Susan, don't take on so.

(*Reynolds and Muldoon go apart, conversing.*

*Enter Rivers and Bockbremmer at R.*)

*Rivers.* Ah, uncle, we have found you at last.

*Muldoon (seeing Bockbremmer).* Hello, old Swei Lager! How goes it?

*Bockbremmer.* Vell, Shonny, I don't goes on the island, any vay. How you feel since you been dere? I suppose you calls yourself a statesman now?

*Muldoon.* Dry up, you old beer barrel, if you don't want your head punched in.

*Aunt Susan (rising).* How long are these atrocities to go on?

*Bockbremmer.* Never mind the loafer, Miss Rennolts. I am sorry I speak mit him myself. I vish to make mein apologies mit you. I voot like to meet you under tifferent circumstances; but bolitics makes us fellers not very vell acquvaint in pet.

*Aunt Susan.* Obscene wretch! Oh, this is too much! too much! (*Walks up and down the room in great excitement.*)

*Rivers (laughing).* Aunt, you don't understand him. He means to say that politics acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

*Aunt Susan (stopping and looking at Rivers intently).* You precocious young blackguard, what do I want with a bed-fellow? But here comes the policeman I sent for; he will soon rid the house of these scoundrels.

(*Enter policeman, who seeing Muldoon advances and shakes hand with him cordially, exclaiming:*)

*Policeman.* The top of the morning to you, Johnny.

*Aunt Susan (holding up her hands).* Truly this is pandemonium!

END OF ACT II.

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### ACT III.

(*Mr. Reynolds' house in the country; Hastings and Rivers seated, conversing.*)

*Rivers.* You seem very blue, Fred. What's the matter with you?

*Hastings.* My looks do not belie my feelings. I am very much depressed.

*Rivers.* What! you; rich, young, handsome! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Perhaps you are in bad health.

*Hastings.* Oh, no; my health is excellent. Good health is chronic with me.

*Rivers.* Maybe some evil spirit is tormenting you. We read of such things sometimes.

*Hastings.* If love is an evil spirit, then one is tormenting me.

*Rivers.* Oh! ho! old boy! So you confess at last. You thought that you were keeping it from me. It was a vain attempt. I can see what is written on your heart as plainly as if it were inclosed in a glass case.

*Hastings.* Rivers, you alarm me; is my condition so apparent? Do you suppose any one else has noticed it?

*Rivers.* There are perhaps two besides myself who are very likely to have made a shrewd guess.

*Hastings.* Do you suppose her father has observed it?

*Rivers.* Oh, no. Mr. Reynolds is too much occupied with his politics to have noticed it. But I would not be afraid of him. I think he would rather like it than otherwise.

*Hastings.* That is some comfort; but, Tom, she has behaved very cruelly to me.

*Rivers.* Don't give way to that sort of feel-

ing. Pluck up a little spirit. Retaliate; behave cruelly to her.

*Hastings.* You never were in love, or you would not give that advice. I believe I could die to make her happy.

*Rivers.* That is as it may be. But don't talk of dying. At all events, I don't think that would be the way to make her happy.

*Hastings.* You jest. Can it be really so? Fool that I am to entertain any such delusive hope! She actually seems to take pleasure in making me miserable.

*Rivers.* I think that she does like to tantalize you. But what right have you to complain of her? Have you ever told her that you loved her?

*Hastings.* Oh, dear! no. I have been afraid to.

*Rivers.* Afraid! Do you wish her to be brave enough to *ask* you to love her?

*Hastings.* Your talk seems sensible. But I tell you a favorable answer is so essential to my happiness that I will not risk a refusal by asking her in her present humor.

*Rivers.* Then I say again, attack her in another way. Make her feel jealous.

*Hastings.* How can I make her feel jealous if she does not care for me?

*Rivers.* And I say again, in your place how

are you to find out whether or not she cares for you unless you try to make her jealous? You won't ask her the plump question, and my plan seems to be the only other way to find out.

*Hastings.* But how am I going to make her jealous?

*Rivers.* By making love to somebody else, of course.

*Hastings.* Where will I find that somebody else?

*Rivers.* What do you say to Miss Barker?

*Hastings.* I have too much regard for her to trifle with her feelings. I ought to have some flirt to practice on.

*Rivers.* Don't be alarmed about her feelings. Take my word for it, you will not disturb their equanimity.

*Hastings.* You certainly do not flatter me. Are you not rather confident for one who is presumably ignorant of the young lady's predilections?

*Rivers.* Oh! since I have turned politician I have made great strides in knowledge of human nature.

*Hastings.* I wish I had some of your self-confidence. But the plan will not answer. Julia is as proud as Lucifer, and would rather die than show any pique.



*Rivers.* I have something auxiliary to it. I propose to make love to Julia.

*Hastings.* Indeed! Do you call it the part of a friend to gain the affections of the girl I love after you have wormed my secret out of me? I was a fool to put any confidence in you.

*Rivers.* You certainly do not give me a very vivid idea of your acuteness by that remark. Do you suppose that I would tell you if I were going to betray you?

*Hastings.* Forgive me. I am so miserable and nervous that I am not really myself.

*Rivers.* All right. What do you think of my plan?

*Hastings.* I do not see the exact drift of it. How is it likely to operate in my favor?

*Rivers.* Do you not see that she will refuse me?

*Hastings.* But what will that prove?

*Rivers.* That she loves you, of course.

*Hastings.* You think that nothing but a prior attachment would enable her to resist your blandishments. Tom, I must say that your egotism approaches the sublime.

*Rivers.* Have I not told you that I think she loves you? Would not her refusal go to prove it? And if, in addition, she appears jealous of your attentions to Nelly, all the cir-

cumstances will present a strong case in your favor.

*Hastings.* Thank you, Tom; you have inspired me with hope.

*Rivers.* We can commence operations this very day. In the meantime, suppose we go and take a walk. (*They go out together.*)

*Julia* (*stepping out from an alcove in the room*). I have played the eavesdropper from the force of circumstances. I thought I would run down here for this book which I had left on the table, and when they came in I had to run into the alcove there, as my hair was down and there were some other irregularities in my dress. I could not help listening, so that I can enjoy the secret I have discovered without feeling mean. Poor Fred! I feel sorry for him. If he can't speak for himself, he has an advocate here (*placing her hand on her heart*) which is eloquent in his favor. But I will lead Mr. Tom a dance. I will accept him, and see how Mr. Impudence will get himself out of the scrape. His conceit is perfectly delicious. I wish Fred was more like him in that respect. I must go, however, or I will be caught again. (*Goes out C. door.*)

(*Enter L, Nelly with palette and brushes, and Hastings carrying an easel.*)

*Nelly.* I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Mr. Hastings.

*Hastings.* Don't mention it. I am glad that I met you. It affords me a good excuse to avoid a long walk that I was about to take.

*Nelly.* Thank you; but I am afraid that your politeness does not permit you to be quite frank.

*Hastings.* Not at all. I would greatly prefer to remain here and see you paint; that is, if my presence will not annoy you.

*Nelly.* On the contrary, it will afford me pleasure. (*Arranging her easel and palette and seating herself to paint.*) Are you fond of paintings, Mr. Hastings?

*Hastings* (*taking a chair and seating himself beside her*). Very, and especially of autumnal woodland scenes such as this. I greatly admire the brilliant colors of the foliage.

*Nelly.* To me, at this time of the year, the woods are very like fairy land. They have an unreal-looking beauty.

*Hastings.* I agree with you. I have come across some landscapes which if I had seen on canvas before I found them in nature, I would have considered not real but fancy sketches.

*Nelly.* A proof of the common expression that "truth is stranger than fiction."

*Hastings.* But in one sense fiction is reality.

*Nelly.* I do not exactly gather your meaning.

*Hastings.* I mean that we live in the future more than in the present; and you know that the future only exists in our imagination. Hope whispers in our ears, and while we are listening to her we forget where we are and everything around us, till disappointment, with a rude shake, wakes us from our pleasant dreams.

*Nelly.* Surely, disappointment never crossed your path, Mr. Hastings. You must be one of the favored few, so happy in your circumstances that there is not anything for even hope to suggest.

*Hastings.* You think so? but life is without salt to me. There is no enjoyable flavor about it. You have truly said even hope has no voice for me.

*Nelly.* Mr. Hastings, might I—I——(*She stops, embarrassed, and drops her brush. They both stoop to pick it up and their heads meet. At this moment Julia and Rivers enter.*)

*Julia.* Let us retire, Tom, we have interrupted a veritable tete-a-tete.

*Rivers.* Yes, it was head to head, and no mistake.

*Nelly.* I dropped my brush and we were picking it up.

*Julia.* It must be a pretty heavy brush if it takes two to lift it.

*Rivers.* Yes, I should think Miss Barker's arm would ache wielding such a club.

*Julia.* Tom, maybe one of the trees fell out of her picture there, and they mistook it for a brush.

*Nelly.* I almost wish that one would fall out now and knock you over, you provoke me so. But, dear me, the brush in falling has blotted out the top of one of my trees.

*Rivers.* Perhaps it was beheaded for high tree-son.

*Hastings.* Now, Tom, that you have made a pun you must feel happy.

*Rivers.* Not nearly as happy as you must have felt in the situation in which we surprised you.

*Julia.* Nelly, how did you like it? I believe he was actually kissing you.

*Nelly.* Wretches, stop your chatter or you will compel me to leave the room.

*Julia.* It would be a pity to deprive you of the pleasure of remaining where you are, so, Tom, you get the chess board and we'll have a game. It will keep us quiet.

*Rivers.* And give us a chance to whisper to each other in the same way they were doing.

*Julia.* Besides affording me an opportu-

nity to box your ears, Mr. Impudence, if you are saucy.

*Rivers (gets chess table and men and arranges chairs).* Anything for peace and a quiet life. Here, Julia, come and place your own men in order of battle.

*(They sit down and begin the game. Hastings and Nelly remain seated together.)*

*Julia.* The order of battle is quite an Irish idea of a quiet life.

*Rivers.* Perhaps you are not aware that I am a lineal descendent of the biggest O of the Emerald Isle.

*Julia.* How can a Rivers be descended from an Irishman?

*Rivers.* Are not rivers good things to descend? But, Julia, if you will criticize my pedigree, do it grammatically. I beg of you, don't say *a* Rivers again.

*Julia.* Do stop talking, Tom. I believe there must be some truth in what you say about your ancestry, for your tongue is as interminable as the roundest O that ever rolled out of an Irishman's mouth.

*Nelly.* Yes, like a circle, there is no end to it.

*Hastings.* And what it says amounts to naught.

*Rivers.* It is never guilty of such naughty things as you were a while ago.

*Julia.* Attend to your chess, Tom, and leave them to their painting.

*Rivers.* I must interfere when they attempt to paint my character in such black colors.

*Julia.* Play, Tom, play!

*Rivers.* Don't be too anxious for me to play; there, I have taken your knight.

*Julia.* That is impossible.

*Rivers.* Why?

*Julia.* Because you are my knight, and you can't take yourself, although I must say you have a rather taking way with you.

*(Hastings, who while pretending to look at Nelly's picture, has been listening attentively, now moves uneasily in his chair. Nelly is apparently engrossed by her painting.)*

*Rivers.* How sweet, from such lips, those words sound in my ears. *(Placing his hand on hers.)* What a beautiful hand you have!

*Hastings (absently).* Yes.

*Rivers.* I was not speaking of your number tens.

*Hastings.* Your interest in your subject seemed to be intense, nevertheless.

*Rivers.* They say that any man who makes a pun should be hanged.

*Hastings.* If that had been a law you would not have cumbered the earth long.

*Nelly (rising).* Come, Mr. Hastings, with me; I must take another look at the subject of my picture. It does not suit me as it is. I am afraid I have left out something I should have put in.

*Hastings (rising).* With pleasure.

*Julia.* Stop, Nelly, and take your brush with you; you might drop it again, and then——

*Rivers (humming a tune).*

“ I married a wife, O, then,  
     I married a wife,  
     She’s the plague of my life,  
     I wish I was single again.”

*Nelly.* Mr. Hastings, I am afraid that we will never hear the last of that unfortunate brush. Let us leave these mountebanks.  
*(They go out.)*

*Rivers.* Now that we are alone, Julia, I will have an opportunity to speak to you on a subject near my heart.

*Julia.* Do you confess to owning a heart?

*Rivers.* Yes, and it has been a full one for many a long day.

*Julia.* Of blood, you mean?

*Rivers.* How can you jest, Julia? You must have seen it long ago.

*Julia.* Oh, dear, no! I would have trembled for your life if I had. It is not attached to your watch chain as a charm, is it?



*Rivers.* No, Julia, but it is attached to you. When I said you must have seen it I did not mean my heart, but the affection with which it is filled for you.

*Julia.* Oh, Tom, can I believe my ears?

*Rivers.* Do, Julia, for my sake have faith in them and believe in my love for you.

*Julia.* What do you hope from my faith?

*Rivers.* That you will have the charity to accept the poor offering of my hand which, on bended knee, I now make you. (*He gets down on one knee and takes her hand and kisses it. She puts a hand on his shoulder and leaning her head on it, says:*)

*Julia.* Ask pa.

*Rivers (rising and gently disengaging himself).* Dear Julia, you know that I am poor.

*Julia.* But are not we rich in love? (*Rises.*)

*Rivers.* But, dearest, we cannot live on that wealth, and I was going to say that you will have to wait a long time.

*Julia.* Talk not of time; an eternity would not seem long now that I am assured of your love.

*Rivers (aside).* The devil! (*Aloud.*) But think, Julia, your father might object.

*Julia.* Pa will do anything that I want him to. He thinks only of my happiness.

*Rivers.* How kind he is. (*Aside.*) I wish to thunder he was not quite so obliging.

*Julia.* Oh, Tom, you don't know how kind he is. Besides, Tom, he likes you almost as much as I do (*putting her arms around his neck*). I will tell him this afternoon that you have something important to say to him. It will make it easy for you to open the subject. He will understand without much explanation. Oh, how happy we shall be! (*Kisses him. Hastings enters; he starts back astonished. Julia, seeing him, gives a scream and rushes out.*)

*Hastings.* So this is the result of your plan. But why should I complain? With men of the world everything is fair in love and war.

*Rivers.* Oh, damn it! don't irritate me with your suspicions at the very moment I have got myself into the most infernal scrape that ever befell a poor wretch.

*Hastings.* You seemed to think the situation rather agreeable than otherwise, just now.

*Rivers.* Do be reasonable. A young fellow wouldn't be human if he did not enjoy having a pretty girl's arms round his neck. It is the one lump of sugar in the cup of bitterness I am called upon to swallow.

*Hastings.* Confound you! I wish the cup was deep enough to drown you. You have

robbed me of all chance of happiness. You have stolen the affections of the girl I love.

*Rivers.* Hastings, we have been friends from boyhood, but I tell you plainly that I cannot stand your reproaches much longer, conscious as I am of the most perfect integrity in my dealings in this matter. I can truly say that I had not even the shadow of an idea that she loved me.

*Hastings* (*sinking down on a chair and groaning aloud*). Loved you? She confessed that she loved you?

*Rivers* (*putting his hand on Hastings' shoulder*). Hastings, don't give way so. I would give my right hand to undo this morning's work. I sincerely sympathize with you, for I am in love myself. I know how I would feel if you should tell me that Nelly had confessed that she loved you.

*Hastings.* Rivers, forgive me! I was a fool to doubt you, but that girl's conduct has put me in such a state of mind that I am almost distracted. I must blame myself, however; I should have been more outspoken with her, especially when I knew that you and she were together every day. That accursed politics has done it all.

*Rivers.* The very intimacy you allude to kept out of my mind all idea of love between us.

*Hastings.* Not on her part, it appears.

*Rivers.* I do not see what is left for me to do but to run away, for I have promised to ask her father for his consent to our marriage.

*Hastings.* None of that, Rivers. Let us finish like men if we have begun like fools. As an honorable man you cannot refuse to marry her after having asked her to be your wife; and as a man who owes something to his self-respect, I must acquiesce without whining, in a result which I cannot prevent. But I never will be happy again.

*Rivers.* Nor I, for I must give up Nelly.

*Hastings.* I will leave here to-morrow. I will go abroad again, and endeavor to distract my mind by travel.

*Rivers.* What a confounded mess I have made of it! I lose my friend and the girl I love, and get a wife I don't want. But I won't be married long. Hang me if I don't get a divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, before the honeymoon is over.

*Hastings.* Joking about your own misery! Rivers, I wish I had your disposition. But if I am going to-morrow, I must go and pack up. (*Goes out.*)

*Rivers.* Poor Fred! I don't know whether I pity him or myself most. And Nelly—but the thought drives me wild. (*Goes out R.*)

(*Enter Reynolds C.*)

*Reynolds.* I can't rest still a moment. I am sorry that I did not remain in the city. This place is so quiet that I can almost hear my uneasy thoughts as they pass through my brain. I wonder how this eventful day is going to terminate. I do wish I had some news of the election. Barker said he might be up in the early train.

(*Enter Julia and Barker.*)

*Julia.* Pa, here is Mr. Barker come back without any news of the election. Isn't it too bad?

*Reynolds.* How is it, Barker; no bulletins or anything of that kind?

*Barker.* The fact of the matter is, Reynolds, I had a piece of business which kept me in my office all day, and, indeed, has filled my mind to the exclusion of everything else. I saw Bockbremmer last night, however, and he said, if the news was favorable he would come up and tell you.

*Rivers (coming in).* Ah, Mr. Barker, what news?

*Reynolds.* He has not brought any, Tom. I am terribly disappointed. I don't see how I can wait till morning.

*Rivers.* You needn't do that. I will take the next train for the city, and telegraph you what I learn.

*Reynolds.* My dear boy, this adds another favor to the many you have done me during this canvass. I will not forget it, Tom, and if ever you want anything from me, just mention it.

*(Enter Hastings and Nelly, who go apart and occupy themselves looking over an album.)*

*Julia.* There, Tom, what did I tell you? Pa, Tom has a question to ask you. Come, Tom, strike while the iron is hot.

*Rivers.* I have not time now; I must catch the train. *(Going.)*

*Reynolds (taking out his watch).* Stop, Tom, there is no hurry. You have an hour yet; time enough to ask a hundred questions.

*Rivers.* Not now; this election matter is on my mind. *(Going.)*

*Reynolds.* Stay, Tom, don't run away in that manner. I suppose your question is all ready, and it can't be a great strain on your intellect merely to ask it.

*Julia.* True enough, pa; it is a very easy question.

*Rivers.* If you think it is so easy, why don't you ask it yourself, Julia?

*Julia.* Tom! Do you remember what you are talking about? You know that I cannot tell it. You know that it is something you must ask, yourself.

*Barker.* With the true instinct of a politician, he is going to ask you for an office in case you should be elected.

*Reynolds.* Tom knows there is nothing in my gift that I will refuse.

*Julia.* There, Tom, what more encouragement do you want? I told you pa would not refuse you.

*Rivers.* Thank you, uncle; but—but I'm in no hurry about it. Some other time will do.

*Julia.* Some other time! Not in a hurry! What's the matter, Tom?

*Rivers.* To tell the truth, I don't feel very well just now. I have a pain. I—I have a diffidence. (*Stops, embarrassed.*)

*Barker.* Oh, if you feel diffident, I don't wonder that it pains you. It must be a new sensation to you.

*Reynolds.* The novelty of the feeling seems to alarm him. See how pale he grows.

*Rivers.* Really, sir, my heart is filled with conflicting emotions. I can't find words. (*Stops, confused.*)

*Julia.* Shall I help you, Tom? You know how I must feel for you.

(*A pause; Tom looks over at Nelly and Hastings in a bewildered sort of way.*)

*Rivers.* Yes—no—thank you—but you surprise me—indeed! (*Emphatically.*) Damn it!

*Julia (putting her handkerchief to her face and pretending to cry).* How cruel you are to swear at me! You didn't talk that way a while ago. Oh! how mortified I am! *(She pretends to break down, and throwing her arms round her father's neck, hides her face on his breast.)*

*Reynolds (angrily).* Speak out, or I will find means to make you. Have you dared to trifle with the feelings of my daughter? I begin to suspect as much. Am I right, Julia, dear?

*(Nelly looks eagerly at Tom; Julia still leans on her father.)*

*Barker.* Stop, Reynolds, don't lose your temper. If the young fellow has been making love to your daughter, and is called upon to confess it before us all, you should not wonder at his hesitation.

*Rivers.* That's just it.

*(At this Nelly faints; Hastings stands motionless, apparently stupefied; Rivers advances to pick her up, shouting:)*

*Rivers.* Hastings, run for water! Open the windows! My darling! my darling!

*(Julia goes to Nelly's assistance.)*

*Barker (pushing Rivers aside).* Scoundrel! Villain!



*Reynolds.* The insolent jackanapes! To trifle with the affections of my daughter!

*(Hastings having gone for water, returns, and Julia sprinkles some on Nelly's face. She recovers, opens her eyes, and says:)*

*Nelly.* What has happened? Oh! I remember. The heat of the room overpowered me. Father, I feel ill; we had better go and take a little air.

*Barker.* My poor child! You black-hearted villain! *(Shaking his fist at Rivers.)*

*Julia.* Will all of you be quiet and listen to me? This is my doing, and I see that I have carried the joke a little too far. I overheard a conversation between Mr. Hastings and Mr. Rivers in this room not long ago. I was surprised, and had to put into the alcove there, as the sailors say, under stress of weather. In short, I was not presentable, and did not wish to be seen. They will understand when I say that I wished to play them a trick. Be satisfied, pa and Mr. Barker, Tom is not a villain, although I must say in self-defense that he is a most conceited wretch.

*(At this Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Barker stand looking at each other in open-mouthed astonishment; Rivers dances round the room shouting, "She is a trump"; Hastings approaches Julia, appears to converse with her. When quiet is*

*restored, he advances to Mr. Reynolds, holding Julia by the hand, and says:)*

*Hastings.* Since Tom refuses to ask you his question, I will ask you mine.

*Reynolds.* Out with it, and let me have a little light on these extraordinary proceedings.

*Hastings.* With your daughter's permission, I ask of you her hand in marriage.

*Reynolds.* Take her, Hastings, and with her my blessing. But, hark, what's that noise in the hall? I think I hear the Dutchman's voice.

*(Enter Bockbremmer, hat in hand, shouting:)*

*Bockbremmer.* Tree sheer? Hip! hip! hurra! Oh, I feel so glat! Hi, tittle tittle, de cat unt de fittle, de cow shump ofer de moon! I feel so lide I coot shump so high like dat cow. I ish so happy as if I swvim in a great pig parrel of lager. *(Advancing and shaking hands with Mr. Reynolds.)* How you too, honnoruble Mr. Rennolts?

*Reynolds.* Then I have been elected.

*Bockbremmer.* You guees him de forst time.

*Hastings.* And I have been elected.

*Rivers (who has been talking apart with Nelly).* The vote in my case has not yet been taken, but I think you may count me in.









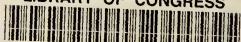








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